THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED, A.D. 1821

THE GREAT PIONEER FAMILY PAPER OF AMERICA.

Vol. 69. PUBLICATION OFFICE No. 732 SANSOM ST. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1890. $2.00 A YEAR IN ADVANCE FIVE CENTS A COPY. No. 45

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

BY SUSANNA J.

It is a blessed thing to hold
The undiminished love and trust
Of one dear heart that grows not cold
Though fortune fail and talents rust
And chill suspicion on our souls be thrust.

And you shall reap a thousand-fold
The help you gave in time of need;
Your work is honored, though untold,
And each kind word and gentle deed
Shall bear rich fruit, the faithful workers' meed.

A Desperate Deed.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A PIECE OF PATCH WORK," "SOMEBODY'S DAUGHTER," "A MIDSUMMER FOLLY," "WEDDED HANDS," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—(CONTINUED).

THEY had made their way on down the corridor. Now he pushed open the door of the deserted breakfast room, motioned her to a seat.

"Oh, I can't wait. I have a message for mamma!"

"Of importance?"

"I think not."

"Then it can wait."

What a masterful air! And still, strangely enough, she did not resent it.

She crossed the threshold.

"Please hurry!" she said.

He closed the door—faced her. His dashing, handsome, dark-browed face was ominously set, ominously grave.

"I shall not detain you. There is just one question I wish to ask you."

How solemn he was!

"Don't begin that way!" she implored. "That is what Aunt Clara said a few minutes ago, when she captured me. She just wished to ask me if lobster salad was a fitting relish for ice cream."

In spite of himself, Lionel laughed. But suddenly grew serious.

"My question is not one of internal economy," he asserted, with a fitting smile. "It is a matter of life and death—to me. Are you going to marry Sir Geoffrey Damyn?"

She took a step backward.

"Sir Geoffrey Damyn!" she cried.

"Yes," he said.

From afar came to them the tremulous cadence of the music.

Lord Romaine's daughter drew herself up with an air graceful as imperious.

"If Sir Geoffrey Damyn should do me the honor to ask me such a question, I would answer him!"

The quiet, icy words were a downright shock.

Curzon flushed all over his olive skinned, sensitive face.

He bowed.

"A merited rebuke, I admit. Now grant me the courtesy you boast you would grant your father's guest—an answer. Will you be my wife?"

Such a cold wooing! Cold because of the very greatness of his love; but she was too young to understand that.

Perhaps he felt with the lover of Mrs. Browning's passionate poem:

"For as frost intense will burn you,
Her cold scorning scorched me brown."

Her all demanding woman's nature rose in arms.

But she must not show pique. That would be childish!

So, though her being was filled with the pleasure of his presence, his nearness, the knowledge of his love, she swept him a grateful courtesy, and gave him the answer he craved in the line of an old song:

"'I'm o'er young to marry yet!'" she said.

His teeth closed on his nether lip.

"That means no, I suppose."

The words were half inquiry, half assertion.

She moved toward the door, all her dainty draperies glistening in the lamplight. She glanced back.

The dear boy! How handsome and sad and lonely he did look.

But the contrariety which masters every woman at times cast out that blessed pity which is kin to love.

"You must suppose—what you please!"

She laid her hand on the knob.

"Wait!"

He sprang after her.

She turned, with a cold surprise.

"Well?"

Oh, if she only were not so lovely! he told himself, with a wrathfulness which was half worship—not so girlishly, innocently, aggravatingly lovely.

He found it hard work to utter the harsh words, but at last they were said:

"If you are not going to marry Damyn, why do you give him your flowers? Why do you let him kiss you?"

"Let him kiss me!"

Was it her voice—her happy, silvery voice—which echoed the words? It was faint with sudden pain.

Neither spoke. But the sound of the waltz came to them piercingly shrill—discordant it seemed.

"I think," she said, slowly, "you should apologize."

She was very white.

"I saw you offer him a flower," he replied, doggedly.

Why had he wounded her when he loved her so? Well, it was said now!

"That is true. I am not accountable for that to you."

He did not speak.

"It is your other accusation!"

There was not a vestige of its rose bloom in the lovely, lifted face. The violet eyes were sparkling superbly.

But he still said nothing.

"I did not let him kiss me," scornfully, "I am not defending myself—remember that. But it was all a trick. You know it. Why—why," with a wretched, shaky little laugh. "I would no more allow him to kiss me than—than I would you!"

That was a blow. But he recovered himself.

He bowed.

"Then poor Damyn's chances are very slender. But believe me," he lifted his head and met her glance defiantly, with eyes as sombre and brilliant as her own—"believe me, I am not conquered! I shall do my best to make them more slender still. By right of love you are mine, Iva, play off on me all the pretty, childish airs you may. And I will have you—in spite of him, in spite of you! Sir Geoffrey Damyn must stand aside!"

"Must?"

He was sufficiently masterful, fervent, passionate now. His handsome hazel eyes looked positively black.

"Yes," he answered, "must!"

CHAPTER XL.

Lady Iva opened the door. She passed over the threshold, into the hall.

Half way up she came on the Countess. The latter was the centre of a knot of Londoners—wits, authors, city celebrities.

Quite a little court, indeed, were around her. And she was talking and laughing.

Now she was flinging a bonmot to one, a verbal boomerang to another, and poising and tossing with airiest grace the conversational ball which some find so very difficult to keep decorously rolling.

"Mamma!"

"Yes, love."

"I must steal you for a few minutes."

With a laughing apology the Countess rose, joined her daughter.

"You are dancing to much, Iva. I know you are. You are white as a ghost."

But Lady Romaine could not be accused of pallor. Her delicately-cut young face was all alight, her cheeks like damask roses.

"You look—well, just angelic, mamma. But I came to tell you Mrs. Brown say she is anxious to see you at once."

Mrs. Brown was the housekeeper.

"Why?"

The girl shook her head.

"I don't know. But it must be something important, or she would not call you."

"Well, I shall see.

"Let me go too, mamma."

The Countess hesitated.

"I would not look well if it were noticed we both were absent."

"But we shall not be missed for a few minutes. They are dancing the Lancers. I crossed that off my card."

So they went away together, down through the broad lower hall to the housekeeper's room—a bright, cosy, home-like nest of a place.

Mrs. Brown, quite imposing in her black silk and gold chain, rose and dropped a reverential greeting as they came in.

The little old woman in the muffler and plaid shawl who sat opposite the portly housekeeper rose also.

"I was sent by Granny Morris," she explained, in the slow voice that ladies recognized as that of Mrs. Lester, "to tell you about the child. He has been—Ah!"

Abruptly she retreated as she caught sight of the Countess.

Mrs. Brown smiled serenely.

Of course the poor creature was dazed! Who would not be at such a delightful apparition—her lovely ladyship in all the splendor of her white satin wedding gown, her diamonds, and her beauty?

"Well?" rather impatiently.

She unfurled her great, snowy fan nervously.

Something must be wrong!

"He has been ailing for the last few days. He is worse to-night."

She paused.

The fan which Pompadour had swayed clicked, shut.

The Countess took one step forward.

"Go on!"

Lady Iva's startled glance was also fastened on the messenger.

"The doctor came yesterday, again this afternoon. He says——"

She hesitated. Was her silence that of emotion? or only a method of torturing the noble lady below her?

The Countess grasped the woman's thin, bare wrist.

"What?"

"That the child is dying, your ladyship."

"Oh!"

A cry of pain it was, short and fierce and sharp. She flung from her the arm she had clutched. Her fan fell to the floor. She threw her arms up across her eyes.

Mrs. Brown stared.

Why should her ladyship care so much?—the laddie was nothing to her.

Iva hurried forward, put her arm around the Countess. Her own sweet eyes were dim.

"No, no, little mamma! don't feel so badly. It cannot be so—so awful as all that, I know. Poor little Willie!"

To see her own dear young lady grieved roused Mrs. Brown.

"You shouldn't ha' come here," she declared, turning to Mrs. Lester, with old country bluntness—"an' her ladyship that delicate, too."

But her ladyship dropped her gloved arms to her sides.

She was herself again.

"You did quite right; but you should have come sooner. Iva, go back to the ball room—go at once."

"But you, mamma——"

"Go, dear!"

The tone was one of command.

The girl hesitated.

"For my sake—for Willie's!"

How terribly sensitive she was, her little mamma! Why, she was colorless as she had been at the beginning of the ball. Her eyes had actually a wild look.

The pleading prevailed. She went back to the crush, the light, the melody, the jollity and excitement of it all.

But there was a queer, hard lump in her throat which would not be swallowed.

The Countess watched her vanish, then she wheeled around.

She nodded to Mrs. Lester:

"Come!"

Both women starred at her. Headless of them, she flashed out of the room, along a corridor leading to a door opening into the garden.

"The Lord ha' mercy!" cried Mrs. Brown.

And she rushed after her mistress with more agility than grace.

The Countess was tugging at the stiff doorbolt. "Open this! Be quick!"

In this dingy lower passage the light on the wall flickered in the draughts.

"Oh, my lady!"

The good woman was aghast.

"Open it, I tell you! Can't you hear?" she cried, imperiously.

"But, my lady——"

In frantic impatience the Countess tore off her long gloves, seized anew, with little, bare, jewelled hands, the resisting barrier.

The sound of the music, the dancing, the murmurous, drowsy hum of the far off successful Christmas ball came faintly to them.

"You are never going out, my lady!"

She was dismayed, shocked! How could she think of such a thing, and in those clothes? The stormiest night which had come this year, too!

Why, it was madness!

But my lady, fiercely, silently bruising her fair fingers with the latch, succeeded—flung the door back.

In rushed a gust of wind, a flurry of snow. The light flared, then sank low.

She was fairly driven back for the instant.

But she gathered her long, shining skirts in her hands, bent her sparkling head, took a step forward.

"Consider, my lady, you death of cold—slippers! Don't—begging your pardon—but, my lady—here!"

For not the slightest attention was the Countess paying to her.

If she would go, she would. So, with the final word, the housekeeper, who had been bounding around like a colossal India rubber ball, snatched the plaid shawl from the shoulders of the little hunchback, and threw it over the bare back and arms of her mistress.

Not a second too soon, for with one bound the small, ilthe form had cleared the threshold, and, with uncovered head and satin-slippered feet, was rushing madly on through the white and whirling winter night.

CHAPTER XLI.

"Heaven bless us!" supplicated Mrs. Brown.

She fell back puffing.

"Such a trick!"

And she slapped her broad palms together and rolled up her eyes.

"May I have a shawl?"

It was Mrs. Lester who meekly presented the appeal.

"Oh, yes; I took yours, didn't I? The poor dear lady! I doubt"—in a confidential whisper—"if she is quite right. Perhaps"—bringing up every few words with much effort and wheeziness—"the shock of her sister's—sudden death—upset her. Leastways—I'm all of a tremble—leastways my cousin, who is—Mrs. Martin Simpson, of the inn where they stopped, said (feel of my hand ma'am) as how her ladyship—took on—dreadful. What a thing it is to have a shortness of breath."

"But the shawl?"

"Yes, yes."

She took herself away, came back with a dark cloak.

"Here—hurry—catch up with her! She'll be frightened alone. Oh, seech a night, an' she in a ball dress, an'—

But the woman had snatched the proffered garment and fled.

And Mrs. Brown shut the door, lumbering back to her parlor, and sat down, excited and panting.

"She's daft, sure, her ladyship. To go out on foot, and the snow thick an' still a coming down. An' all for a little orphing who is no kin to her. Oh, ought I tell Lady Iva? What will the Earl say? An' the ball going on! Lordy, if it wasn't for the shortness of breath—"

She picked herself up with a good deal of celerity, went to the cabinet, and by use of an amber restorative increased the strength it not the length of that, the brevity of which she mourned.

One!

To the little creature flying furiously down the great avenue through the night, the storm, the thick, blinding, velvety, eddying whiteness, the solitary stroke tolling from the bell-tower sounded like the knell of doom.

Dying! That was what she had said; that was the word—dying!

While she had been dancing and chatting, and laughing in the glow, the luxury, the festal mirth, he, in a poor cottage at her gate, lay dying—he, her child.

She had not stopped to think, to deliberate the wisest course before she fled. She must go to him—she would, whatever the consequences. Assuredly she did not stop to consider now.

He was her child, her own child, her only child, and he lay dying.

That was the whip which drove her out from the magnificence of her home and of her fete, which scourged her into her wild flight, which forced her fiercely and relentlessly on.

She was a clever woman, a bold woman, a woman of resources; but to-night she had not plotted nor schemed at all, nor looked one inch ahead.

For the second time in all her young, eventful life she had simply followed the mandates of her woman's heart.

What was the grandeur behind her? the people in the grand home there? the Parisian costumes, the gems, the flowers, the mellow wines, the flooding waves of sensuous sound? What were they to her? Nothing now.

What was anything, any one to her this hour save the little lad who lay dying at her gate? And so she fled on.

Dimmer grew the streaming lights behind. No longer could she hear the gay triumphant music. On and on! The gaunt trees hurried by, and ever thick and dense the swirling snow fell and drifted.

Her shawl had fallen from her shoulders; bare were they in the bitter, wintry night. Her feet were soaked and heavy with snow. The train of her costly gown weighed on her arm like lead.

Numb, shivering, half-dazed, on she went, running, stumbling, dashing the snow from her eyes, never once pausing, never once looking behind—on and on!

And now she could see the great iron gates looming darkly up ahead. And there was the candle in the cottage window, and——

For the first time she stopped—reeled.

What if he were dead?

And then she was at the door, had flung wide—sprang in.

Granny's wrinkled and anxious old face appeared.

"Mercy on me!"

No wonder she cried out.

It was a strange vision to behold there, and at that unearthly hour.

A young and slender form, all clad in bridal satin and flashing diamonds! Dark head, bare bosom and arms, all thickly flecked with snow. A fair and a patrician face, flushed with rapid running, glittering-eyed with fright and fear!

"How is he?"

A mere whisper the words.

The old woman shook her head.

"No better."

But the tone said "worse!"

Her ladyship pushed by her into the parlor—into the little bedroom off

On his own small rosewood bed—a present from her—he lay.

The tiny face was crimson with fever. The great black eyes were all ablaze. In a lustrous tangle his golden curls were tossed over the pillow.

He saw her as in her gleaming satin, her flashing jewels, her snow flecked hair, she stood on the threshold.

Something—hope, love, gladness all at once, all one—swept over the baby face, lit it to almost unearthly loveliness.

Through all his pain, his delirium, he knew her.

"My lady!" he cried.

And he held out his arms.

His lady! Yes; not his mother. How could he know, poor little lamb!

But for one agonized moment the Countess wished she had, on learning he still lived, flung aside name, prestige, position, luxury—all for him.

She hurried forward.

She sank down beside the crib.

"Yes, yes! I am here. Look at me, Willie!" she implored.

But he did not see her now. For one brief moment only had reason been his. Then had he recognized her. Again was he tossing and moaning, deaf and blind to all save his pain, his feverish fancies.

She did not once think of the strangeness of her presence here. How odd it would appear to her in her reasoning hours! How they would miss her at the Castle, comment on her absence perhaps grow satirically suspicious!

She did not wonder what Harold would say or Iva considered. She did not think of anything save that the baby lying burning and babbling before her was hers—her own, her treasure—a hidden treasure, perhaps—but none the less precious; and he was dying.

She did not try to deceive herself. There was no mistaking the fatality of diseases which had claimed that poor little helpless thing.

He was dying—yes. Oh, if he were only older, she would tell him (and pathetically she assured herself he might understand) that she was his mother, and that she loved him!

Mother! Bah! the word would have no significance for him. He knew no mother. How could he know the name?

The bitterness of death—oh, worse than that—of life at its saddest, engulfed the woman who crouched there in soulless splendor and crumbling pride.

If she had known he lived, if no one had lied to her twenty months ago, she would have kept him, clung to him.

She tried to console herself with that thought.

She would never have abandoned him. At her worst, she could not have been bad enough for that. But she had been told that he was dead.

And when she learned to the contrary she was in a position where truth would have meant downfall, social oblivion. And she thought in bringing him here, watching over him here, she would be doing the best in her power for him and all would be well.

But was it?

"Ah! what would she not give now if, forgetting all the pretty baby talk she had been so anxious he should learn, so proud to hear him speak, he should whisper 'Mamma'."

But he never had—he never would.

He loved her—yes, but not with the love she hungered for.

To him as to others she was "my lady."

But surely the words gained fresh beauty, trust, tenderness, when the cooing little voice altered, made them sweet enough.

"To take between the dainty milk-fed lips."

At the door old Granny Morris stood looking in. Behind her like a shadow the hunchback hovered. And into the faded orbs of the old woman, and those harder ones under the great glasses, came a mist which blurred out the picture before them.

The small white bed; the little sufferer thereon, swinging from side, crying in the sobbing way of children in pain; and, crouching beside him, her arms outflung over the coverlet, her ear still flashing with diamonds, all ruffled and wet, her costly gown, heaped, draggled around her, her face a thing of marble, her breath coming pantingly, her gaze never leaving her little stricken child before her—his mother. For such one of the watchers suspected her to be—such the other knew she was.

Two!

Even here it reached them, the heavy, booming sound.

"My darling—oh, my little darling, don't you know me?"

But there came no answer to the piteous cry, only the low fretful sobbing. Just one flash of recognition when she appeared. That was all. Then his thoughts had all gone away to a world in which she could not intrude.

Steps? Yes. Crunching the snow under heel, hurrying up the garden path.

Who was coming—the Earl? Would he suspect? Would he tear her away? He was gentle, good—yes, oh, yes; but what might he not do discovering what he would!

She leaned up.

"Don't let any one come in—in here—not any one!" she cried.

Granny Morris tottered to the hallway.

Erect, with arm outflung, stony faced and wild eyed the Countess still stood.

Hark! voices! And he had gained admittance.

Who was it?

Nearer came the step.

She looked towards the threshold.

Capped, coated, white with snow a man stood thereon.

He advanced.

A faint cry escaped her.

He here—he of all men! Sir Geoffrey Damyn!

CHAPTER XLII.

He came on to the little room, crossed to the other side of the bed.

Her arm fell to her side.

"Who sent you?"

Was that the voice of my lady—hard, and fierce and strange?

He removed his cap of fur, bowed low.

"No one. Lady Iva told me of the message which had been sent you. She did not seem to suspect you would come here. She was marvelling, in fact, at your protracted absence. I knew you would."

Was he daring her, braving her, with his knowledge of her secret?

Her angry glance enveloped him.

"And who, pray, authorized your supervision of my actions?"

"No one, as I have said. I came of my own accord. Have I—answer me—have I no right here?"

Upon the pillow in a sudden spasm the child wrenched himself.

"Oh, hush!" she cried. "We shall not quarrel now?"

Again she sank down beside the little bed.

"Is there no medicine he should take, granny? Can nothing be done?"

The sweet, wailing voice! It reached the two women in the kitchen beyond.

The old lodgekeeper hobbled in.

"A spoonful of that, my lady, on the table at your elbow. 'Tis to make the end easy, I fancy. There is no more to be done. So Dr. Cullen said."

And then she went back to her chimney corner, her pipe, and her cogitations.

With infinite care, infinite gentleness, the Countess measured out the draught, held it to the feverish little lips.

She slipped her hand under his head, urged him to swallow it.

And when she had done so she cuddled him up to her, crooning over him with soft, tender, nonsensical mother-talk.

"My love, my dove, my little birdie!"

As for Sir Geoffrey Damyn, she had already forgotten him, his existence, his very presence.

Three!

But she did not even hear the ponderous strokes now. All her heart, her eyes, her soul, her consciousness, were bounded by the circle of her arms.

Did the fun at the Castle still rage fast and furious? Were they discussing her absence? What excuse could the Earl tender? What would Iva say? What was the band playing now?

She did not know; she did not care. In her arms her child lay dying!

A sudden stillness had come upon him. No longer raved the flute-like, broken voice. The rosy limbs were motionless. The small, soft hands were thrown out—inert they lay. And on her arm the tossed and tangled yellow head hung heavily.

Damyn drew his breath hard. Dimly he began to see how it all was. He had been rash enough on coming here. He was bound to wring from her the truth—the whole truth. Now—well, now he was man enough, instinctively chivalrous enough, to be silent. By-and-by perhaps he would speak—not now.

In the kitchen without Granny Morris dropped into a doze. Very wide-awake her companion sat upright. Here Geoffrey Damyn leaned against the glaringly papered wall and looked down on the white bed and the woman just beyond it—was she the woman he had loved?

But she had no glance, no thought even, for him—for any one.

On that tiny face was fastened all her heart, all her soul. How pale it was growing! Fast was the scarlet of fever fading to dull red, to rose, to pink, to pallor, then it was gone.

"Oh, my own—my own!" she sobbed.

But the words sounded faint and far away. The curling lashes lifted. Into hers looked the frank and fearless gaze, full of the love, the confidence, the appealingness, full more than all of the divine truth one sees only in the eyes of a little child.

"Oh, my yady—my ysdy!"

And now he was smiling. In a tempestuous passion of devotion, despair, remorse, she clutched him to her heart, held him there with a close and straining fervor.

"My little boy!" she cried.

Four!

Could it be? Yes. One, two, three four! Up at the Castle outcrashed, upswelled the music of the last waltz.

But here the lady of that palace home, the beautiful mistress of it all, crouched, world-forgetting and wrath-defying at the bedside of her dying child.

Listen!

Again steps. And straight to the cottage door they came.

How terribly white the little face was growing.

The Countess bent her flame-flecked head. Lower—still lower.

"Willie?"

"My lady!"

"Say mamma!"

Could he? Would he?

The heavy step was at the outer door.

She neither heard nor heeded. The pretty hands were cold. There were drops on the smooth forehead.

"Mamma!"

With bursting heart she kissed the damp brow. Over and over those hot, sweet lips caressed him.

Wearily he looked up at her.

"What is tat, my lady?"

"What, darling?"

"What does mamma mean?"

"Oh, Heaven!"

The heartbroken cry went wailing through the house.

The man striding through the little dark parlor heard it.

"Willie!"

He did not move.

"Willie!" louder.

But no sound came.

More heavily his head hung upon her arm. The dark eyes were set, staring! the pale lips were apart.

She drew her breath gaspingly, was on feet in a second.

"He is dead," she cried.

The misery, the pathos of the young face pierced even the toughened sensibility of Geoffrey Damyn.

But he dashed his hand across his eyes. He must fulfil the mission se which he had come.

"Tell me the truth! Whose child is this?"

She lifted her lovely haggard face.

"Yours."

"Mine! And——"

Just then she saw the man in the doorway—saw the intent, brown-bearded, half-angry, half-terrified face of the Earl of Silverdale.

"Yes, yours, and——"

Would she brand the dead? Why not? She was dead.

"Yours and Marguerite's!"

CHAPTER XLIII.

MARGUERITE'S!

Through every nerve, every fibre of the man who stood in the doorway, that one word went thrilling.

Not hers—Marguerite's—Geoffrey Damyn's and Marguerite's!

That was the meaning of it all; it was quite clear and patent to him. This was the child of his wife's sister, who died two months ago—hers and Damyn's.

And it was of her, Marguerite, she had spoken in the conservatory that night; and it was because of her Lilian had wanted the baby under her own eyes, her own care.

And he had doubted her, was growing suspicious of her, jealous, resentful and hard. An infinite remorse rushed over him, through him.

He advanced.

"Lilian!"

But she did not answer—did not take the slightest notice of him.

She was half lying across the small bed, cuddling the little fair, chill body to her bosom, whispering to it, crooning to it all

kinds of loving, foolish baby language.

Bareheaded, his hands thrust in his overcoat pockets, leaning against the wall beyond, Geoffrey Damyn watched the sad scene.

He was not thinking of himself. Who was there present to think of him!

So his thoughts mirrored themselves in rapid succession on his face—love, rage, impotent longing, sorrow and dull despair.

His child—that fact was clear—the child whom he had not known lived, lay dead, before him! But for her who shrank beside the weeny, waxen thing—who was she? Marguerite's sister? or Marguerite? The question was enough to drive one crazy.

Bareheaded, his hands thrust in his overcoat pockets, leaning against the wall beyond, Geoffrey Damyn watched the sad scene.

So his thoughts mirrored themselves in rapid succession on his face—love, rage, impotent longing, sorrow and dull despair.

His child—that fact was clear—the child whom he had not known lived, lay dead, before him! But for her who shrank beside the weeny, waxen thing—who was she? Marguerite's sister, or Marguerite? The question was enough to drive him crazy.

He could not ask now; but it was deucedly hard for a man not to know if she who moaned over his son's dead body was his wife or his sister-in-law.

"Lilian!" again.

The Earl advanced.

She did not heed or hear him.

Granny Morris came hobbling in. The little hunchback did not intrude; she hovered in the apartment beyond.

"Come home, love."

He was beside her now, bending over her.

Very gentle his voice sounded. Only he could tell how stupendous the relief of his discovery had been to him.

She looked with distended terrified eyes.

"You shall not take me away—you shall not!" she cried.

He fell back.

How much she must have cared for the tiny creature! How her heart must have been wrapped up in him!

"Talk to her, granny."

They must get her home—away from here.

The truth—as he believed it was bound to get out anyway, bound to become known.

But it was not right that she should grieve so madly over the death of her sisters child.

The old woman approached her.

"He's dead, your ladyship. Come away, You can't help the bairnie now. You've got the consolation of knowing you were good to him."

Good?

She flashed her one angry, upward glance.

Why could they not leave her alone? And then her gaze went back again to the tiny face upon her breast.

Oddly enough it just now looked like Geoffrey Damyn's done in wax—more like this than it had ever looked before.

The half-dropped lids gave one a glimpse of the glassy curve below. The pretty, parted lips showed the few small, pearly teeth. No tuberose was paler than the round cheeks, no snowflake softer. And the tiny hands—Ah, how pathetic they were in their helplessness, their stillness!

If the black eyes could only light up once more, the little mouth dimple into a roguish smile—if the quaint hands would only essay some merry mischief, the bird-like voice laugh out again in its "own, one way!"

But, no—never again! Not though the night vanished, and in the sunshine the snow wept itself away. Not when the spring would come with young grass pushing its green spears up, with daffodil's sheen and tulip's brilliant splendor. Not though the burnished beauty of the summer, lying over all the land, showed lavish poppies through the fields of wheat like rubies flung on plates of gold. Not though the thrush sang in the elms, and babbling temptingly the wee brown brook came tumbling down the dell. Never again!

Oh, dreary was the future, rayless, bitter! Why should she live—why again take up the peddler pack of existence which so many of us rebelliously carry, yet fear to fling aside?

"He loved your ladyship," the cracked voice went on in its lugubrious attempt at consolation. "He did sir," turning to Geoffrey. "Aye! that he did!" to his lordship.

"He loved lady Iva, too, but the Countess more than all. Why he used to call her (bless the dear, dead lamb!) he used call her his lady. 'My lady!' he always said, and—"

But the Countess interrupted her.

Still holding the dead baby close to her heart, she looked up—around at them.

"Yes, his lady!" Oh, the anguish, the heartbreak of the cry! "I was always that to him—that only. I never was his mother. Why, just now, before he—went away, he asked me what mamma meant. And he—oh!" she sprang up with a wail those around her never forgot, so sad, so frantic, so despairing was it—"and he my own child!"

CHAPTER XLIV.

TO GEOFFREY DAMYN the words carried conviction, though little conviction, indeed, he needed. But to the Earl they meant only the hyperbole of hysteria, exhaustion.

She did not know what she was saying. She was worn out with excitement, fatigue. The boy she had so charitably cared for had become so dear to her she almost fancied him her own.

He put his arm around her, drew her to his side.

"Yes, yes, dear," he murmured, "you loved the little fellow—I understand! Why did you not tell me all about it long ago? Not," quickly, "that I mean to reproach you."

Damyn bit his lips.

It was not very pleasant to stand idly there and behold his wife comforted for the loss of their child by a stranger—not pleasant even when one knew the stranger considered he had the right to embrace and console her.

How unsuspicious the Earl was! how loyally disregardful of even her own wild confession! The blow would be terrific when he could be brought to realize it, as he must be.

For the Countess the reaction had set in. A sort of apathy had fallen upon her. Without protest she let the Earl draw her from the bedside into the parlor.

"I'm afraid you will be ill, Lilian. It was a rash thing to do, my dear—to come out unprotected in such a storm. Look at your feet!"

Stupidly she glanced downward. The pretty Spanish slippers of white satin were soiled and soaked.

"You cannot return as you came, Damyn," he called, "will you go up to the Castle, like a good fellow, and tell them to send down the coach?"

Sir Geoffrey came out at sound of the Earl's voice. Both men, in full evening dress, looked almost as much out of place in this common, inartistic dimly lit room as did the richly attired Countess herself.

"Certainly."

"Better take a stiff drink and get to bed!" advised his lordship, cordially. You look a good deal fagged yourself, old fellow."

Sir Geoffrey smiled grimly.

He had had more to make him look and feel fagged this morning than his noble friend could imagine.

Five!

The tower clock was striking the hour as he went out of the cottage, down the path, and turned up the avenue to the Castle.

It had ceased snowing, but there was yet no hint of dawn.

Two or three belated carriages rolled past him.

The vast front of the castle was still a blaze of light. But how silent it was! The music no longer pulsed pealingly out, the great rooms were deserted.

He went up the steps.

Before he reached the door it was opened. Just within stood Iva. Farther down the hall he could see Aunt Clara.

"I've been listening—I heard you. Oh, Sir Geoffrey, how is Willie?"

Taking off his hat, he passed her.

Would she not understand his silence?

She went swiftly up to where he stood, lifted her lovely, anxious face to his.

"Not worse?"

His voice sounded quite husky when he answered her.

"No—better! There is no worse for him now. Everything is well—poor little lad!"

"Oh!" she cried out, in sudden, sorrowful comprehension.

The poor baby! the dear, bright, coaxing, winsome little fellow, with his clinging arms, his warm, sweet caresses, his merry laugh and all his loving ways!

Were they in truth over now? Had he gone away so soon in the storm, into the night? Such a tiny traveller to journey alone to that land of dread, of marvel and of mystery, which men call death!

Her lips quivered. The shining eyes brimmed over.

She turned away.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THINK of cane, but work on.

PROGRESS.—There is much said in a familiar way about progress, but very little close thought or clear understanding is general what it really means. Eulogies and panegyrics of it are numerous, but exact ideas of it are few. The progress of the world is usually thought of as some vast spectacle passing before the view, great and glorious indeed, and rightly calling forth admiration and joy. In whatever way it is considered, whether in the growth of civilization and the increase of material comfort, or as the development of mental power and the accretion of knowledge or as a moral improvement of mankind, in the spread of justice, mercy, truth, purity and love, it is wholly dependent upon the spirit and action of individuals. He whose heart is in his work, as well as its rewards, who strives for excellence as well as money, who rejoices to know that while he is pursuing his daily toil he is benefitting mankind, such a one is actively contributing to the progress of the world.

So in intellectual progress. It matters little how highly a man or woman be cultured, how much knowledge they may accumulate, how much mental power they may have, if they possess it for themselves alone.

In the moral improvement of mankind, which is of all progress the most valuable, there is still closer connection between receiving and giving. The very presence of virtue diffuses virtue. He who is pure unsensibly purifies others; he who is just spreads the growth of justice; he who is loving draws forth the loving spirit—yet even here the motive should ever be larger than self. It is rather in the forgetfulness of self for the sake of others that self arrives at the best possibilities. It is while actively engaged in promoting the progress of the world that man attains his own highest progress. After all, it is the spirit that actuates the life, more than any definite endeavor that is the mainspring of human progress.

L. G. W.

HOW PEOPLE QUARREL IN CHINA.—Among a population of such unexampled density as there is in China, where families of great size are crowded together—three or four generations with all the wives and children under one roof—occasions for quarrel are all pervasive.

The sons' wives and children are prolific sources of domestic unpleasantness. Each wife strives to make her husband feel that in the community of property he is the one who is worsted; the elder wife tyrannizes over the younger ones, and the latter rebel.

The instinct of the Western with a grievance is to get it redressed straightway; that of the Oriental is first of all to let the world at large know that he has a grievance. A Chinaman who has been wronged will go on the street and roar at the top of his voice.

This art of hallooing, as it is called in Chinse, is closely associated with that of revilling, and the Chinese women are sad adepts in both as to justify the aphorism that what they have lost in their feet they have gained in their tongues. Much of this abusive language is regarded as a sort of spell or curse.

Women indulge in the practice of "reviling the street" from the flat roofs of the houses, and shriek away for hours at a time till their voices fail.

A buse delivered in this way attracts little or no attention, and one sometimes comes on a man or woman thus screeching themselves red in the face with not an auditor in sight.

If the day is a hot one, the reviler bawls as long as he or she has breath, then proceeds to refresh himself with a season of fanning, and afterwards returns to the attack with renewed energy.

ALL THAT WAS LEFT.—A resident of Kissimmee, Fla., recently bought his wife a bureau with a large mirror attached. "While out in the garden attending her flowers one day the lady heard a loud racket in the house. On hastening thither she discovered that her husband's game rooster had gone into the house and caught sight of himself in the glass. That settled it; and the way he went for that glass—fighting his own shadow—was a caution to all other game chickens. There wasn't a piece of the glass large enough for a hand mirror left, and the rooster was so mad when the lady appeared on the scene that he turned his attention to her, and for a while it was a doubtful question as to which would win the battle. A vigorous use of a broom, however, finally left lady in possession of the house and her shattered mirror."

Bric-a-Brac.

FIRE FLIES.—The natives of Vera Cruz do a large trade in fire flies, which they catch by waving a blazing coal at the end of a stick. The insects fly towards the light, and are captured in nets. The fire flies of North America emit their light in capricious flashes, instead of with a steady, uniform glow. This peculiarity has gained for them the name of "lightning bugs."

SWORD BLADES.—The Damascus blades, as marvels of perfect steel, have long been famous, and even those used in the crusades are as perfect to day as they were eight centuries ago. One on exhibition in London could be put into a scabbard almost as crooked as a corkscrew, and bent every way without breaking. The point of this sword could be made to touch the hilt.

THE DOG AND HAIR.—The phrase, "A hair of the dog that bit you," though now confined to a symbolic and alcoholic interpretation, has an accurately canine origin. In the Caucasus it is still common for any one who is bitten by a dog to lay a handful of hair, taken from the same animal's coat, upon the wound before cauterizing and bandaging it. In some mystic way the hair is supposed to prevent untoward consequences.

COURTING.—In the Isthmus of Darien either sex can do the courting, while in the Urkraine the girl generally attends to it. When she falls in love with a man, she goes to his house and declares her passion. If he declines to accept her, she remains there, and his case becomes rather distressing. To turn her out would provoke her kindred to avenge the insult. The young fellow has no alternative left him but to run away from home until the damsel is otherwise disposed of.

UP AND DOWN.—"When children begin to walk, they must go upstairs before they go down." If this is not attended to, or the reverse happens, the child will never rise in the world; and if there happens to be no upstairs the difficulty may be overcome by setting a chair in the room, the child stepping up into that. The origin of this superstition may be found in the fact that it is better to climb than to fall, and less detrimental to the welfare of the child. A child will patiently climb and surely reach the top of a flight of stairs, while if he attempted to come down he would come in a heap instantor.

PAPERS WITH CURIOUS NAMES.—Hackett City, Ark., has one weekly paper called "Horse Shoe." "Tom Joyce's Burlesque Gazette" is a weekly in Helena, Ark. "Ripsaw" is the only weekly in Wynne, Ark. The town of Azusa, Cal., has a paper called "Pomotropic." El Verano, Cal., has but one paper. It is called "Vitigraph." "Frog" is published semi-monthly in the interests of railroads at Denver, Col. "Persons and Property" is a real estate paper in Washington, D. C. The "Thomas County Cat" is a newspaper published in Colby, Kan. Tombstone is a town 6 000 population in Arizona with a paper called the "Epitaph."

CAVE DWELLERS.—A large tribe of cave dwellers inhabit the unexplored regions of Northern Mexico. Their abodes are exactly like the old abandoned cliff dwellings of Arizona and New Mexico. Upon the approach of white people they usually fly to their caves or cliffs by means of notched sticks placed against the face of the cliffs. The can also ascend perpendicular cliffs without the use of these sticks if there are the slightest crevices for their fingers and toes. These cliff dwellers are usually tall, lean, and well formed, their skin being very blackish-red, much nearer the color of the negro than the Indian. They are said to be sun worshippers.

THE MACE.—For an English Member of Parliament to cross between the chair and the mace when it is taken from the table by the Sergeant-at-Arms is an offence which it is the Speaker's duty to reprimand. If the House resolves itself into a committee, the mace is thrust under the table, and Mr. Speaker leaves the chair. In short, much of the deliberative proceedings of this branch of the Legislature are regulated by the position in which this important piece of furniture is placed; to use the words of the learned Hatsell, "When the mace lies upon the table, it is a House; when under, it is a committee. When the mace is out of the House, no business can be done; when from the table and upon the Sergeant's shoulder, the Speaker alone manages." The mace, then, may be called the household god of the House of Commons, without the presence which good fortune could hardly attend its deliberations.

A MEMORY OF SPRING.

BY FABIOLA.

Again I hail with joy the glad, glad Spring,
The purple orchis and the primrose pale;
With soaring lark and merry thrush I sing,
Nor heed thy plaintive lay, fern nightingale.

Does he remember? Has he quite forgot?
Perchance a spark of faith doth linger yet,
Can it be true, my heart, he loves me not?
And years, long years, have pass'd since last we met!

Vanish'd my dream! Oh, well-remember'd past,
Link'd with the wayward heart's deep tenderness;
Better to love, and see love die at last,
Than it should never come Life's Spring to bless.

LORD AND LADY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," "SHEATHED IN VELVET," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

HAD SHE FORGOTTEN him? he asked himself. She had not looked his way yet. Surely she must know that he was in the room, and could have given him one look of recognition, of welcome.

There can be no love where there is no jealousy, or "vice-versa," and Cyril was scarcely himself that night unfortunately. At another time he would have thrust aside the thoughts that were torturing him, but he had had a fortnight of suspense and impatience; he had rushed down from London without his dinner, and was tired and overstrained, and the merry demons who delight in tormenting mankind had got firm hold of him, and were enjoying themselves amazingly.

And still he danced without a mistake, steering Becca through the crowd as he would have steered a duchess, and thinking as little of her as if she were a lay figure.

They attracted some attention. Becca was slim and pretty, and the delicious exercise, combined with her pride in being the partner of the handsomest man in the room, had set her eyes dancing and given a warm flush to her dark face; and the spectators were looking on admiringly and curiously.

"Who is that gentleman dancing with that pretty girl with the black hair?" asked a dowager sitting just behind Lady Norah.

'Oh, he—" replied the gentleman she addressed, who had got Cyril's name from Lady Ferndale, but knew no more, and was yet anxious to appear well informed and gratify the dowager's curiosity—"oh, that is Mr. Cyril Burne, a rising artist; quite a clever young fellow. Awnd he is dancing with the girl he is engaged to. Quite a love affair of the old romantic kind I assure your ladyship."

"In-deed," responded the dowager. "Well, they are well matched, I'm sure. What nice hair the girl has! And he is—yes, really he is, 'very' handsome."

Norah heard this, and her face flushed for a second and her heart ached. How could he whirl round with that vain and giddy girl while she sat there waiting for him? Had she not waited a whole fortnight? Why did he not come to her and, making any excuse he liked, take her away from the hateful man who persisted in following her like a shadow, and murmuring in her ear?

Oh, that game of cross purposes! The music ceased at last, and Cyril, driven desperate, took Becca to a seat and, it is to be feared, left her rather cavalierly.

"You must give me another dance, Becca," he said, not meaning it in the slightest, scarcely, indeed, knowing what he said; and, resolved to go straight to Norah, he began to thread his way through the now confused and entangling throng.

But he had not got half a dozen yards before Lady Ferndale met him. She was on the arm of a gentleman who bought pictures and flattered himself that he was a critic; and good-natured Lady Ferndale, who was always on the look-out to do someone a good turn, had bethought her of introducing the patron of art to Mr. Cyril Burne.

"Oh, Mr. Burne," she said, "let me introduce you to Mr. Romley. You and he will be able to talk pictures."

With a kindly smile away she went, and left poor Cyril in the art patron and critic's clutches.

Mr. Romley proceeded to talk pictures at once, and poor Cyril, though he tried his hardest to get away, and cast wistful, despairing glances towards Norah—found himself, like the wedding guest, firmly buttoned-holed by this ancient mariner, who was delighted at getting someone upon whom he could pour out his artistic twaddle.

Cyril listened—or rather did not listen—answering in abstracted monosyllables to the stream of inanity and pompous ignorance, and edging farther and farther away from his tormentor; and he had just succeeded in escaping when the band struck up again, and he had the mortification of seeing Norah going off on the arm of a tall Guardsman.

If he could have seen the look Norah cast in his direction, he would have been somewhat comforted and encouraged; if he could have guessed with what impatient pain she was asking herself why he avoided her, why he preferred to dance with Becca, and talk to any old fogey, rather than come to her, he would have broken away from the bore who buttonholed him, and flown to her side; but he did not guess what was passing in her mind, and it seemed to him that she was avoiding him, as it appeared to her that he was keeping away from her.

To those two longing, wretched hearts the music made horrible discord, the room seemed stifling, the lights bewildering.

Cyril would not dance again, but wandered round the edge of the waltzers, looking at Norah as the Guardsman deftly steered her through the maze, and at last he found himself outside the marquee.

Two or three men were walking up and down smoking cigarettes in the darkness, which in comparison with the brilliance within seemed Cimmerian, and Cyril, in no mood for company, kept away from them and lit a cigarette himself. Presently they halted near him, but not seeing him, and he heard one of them say:

"Yes, it looks like it. Confound the fellow! It seems as if none of us had any chance against him."

"No," assented another with a sigh. "Not to be wondered at when you come to think of it. He's better looking than any of us—yourself included, Charlie. Women admire that kind of man: dark, mysterious, romantic."

"More like a confounded foreigner than an Englishman," grumbled the young fellow who had just spoken, the son of a neighboring peer, and one of Norah's most devoted slaves.

"Got the best of the running, you see, Charlie," resumed the other man; "sees her every day; and then he is one of the clever chaps, don't you know. Can talk and all that sort of thing. Yes, he's got all the odds in his favor, and I'm afraid he will carry off the prize. At any rate he's making all the running to-night."

"Yes, sticks to her like her shadow," grumbled Lord Charles. "I heard her promise him another dance after supper, and I'll be bound he takes her in."

Cyril listened half absently. It never occurred to him that they were talking of Norah and Guildford Berton until suddenly he heard her name.

"Yes, Charlie, my boy," said his friend, "you may look upon yourself as a gone coon. The divine Norah has slipped through your fingers. Accept my sympathy and another cigarette. Mr. Guildford Berton will be the happy man!"

Cyril started, and his face crimsoned and then white. These men had put into words the doubts and the dread that were haunting him and driving him half mad.

He flung his cigarette away and was turning to go into the ballroom again, scarcely knowing why, when he heard a stifled sob near him in the darkness, and peering into it, caught the glimmer of a woman's dress a few yards from him.

He went up to it, his own misery moving him to compassion, and put out his hand.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked in a low voice. "Who is it?"

The sob was repeated and a voice said:

"No, go away!"

With astonishment Cyril recognized Becca South's voice.

"Why Becca, is that you?" he said gently. "What is the matter?" and he took her by the arm and tried to turn her face towards a streak of light that came from the marquee.

Becca struggled feebly, then gave in and stood with drooping head, but evidently battling with her emotion. She, too, had heard the conversation which had so stirred Cyril, and like a flash of lightning it had opened her eyes and confirmed her suspicions. She knew now for certain the reason why Guildford Berton had avoided her of late. It was not her he cared for, but Lady Norah!

With her hand pressed to her heaving bosom and her lips set tight, she struggled to keep down the bitter tears.

"Come, Becca," said Cyril compassionately enough, but with a trace of impatience in his voice, for he was dying to return to the ball room to find Norah, and "have it out." "Tell me what's the matter."

"No, no!" she panted, averting her head, "I—I can't. It's nothing!"

"Young ladies don't cry about nothing, not generally," said Cyril cheerfully, 'Come, what is it? Can I do anything for you?"

'No, no," she said, his sympathy startling her into tears again. "You can't do anything, no one can! I'm so un—un—unhappy," she added with a smothered sob.

"My poor child, so are most of us!" said Cyril caressingly. "But perhaps I can help you to rid of your unhappiness. Tell me what it is."

"I—I can't! It's no use asking me, sir," she said, whimpering. "I—I want to go home, to get away from this place."

"But why?" asked Cyril. "Why, Becca, you seemed the jolliest of the jolly, a little while ago."

"So I was," assented poor Becca. "But I didn't know then. Oh, it's cruel, cruel!"

"Well, if you won't tell me, or you don't care to, I won't pester you," said Cyril. "There, dry your eyes and go and dance, and try and forget your trouble. It won't grow any the lighter for crying over it," he added philosophically. "Here, wait until I go and get you a glass of champagne," he said. "But leave off crying, or everybody will see what you have been up to, and be wondering what such a pretty girl has got to cry for. There, sit down there," and he half pushed her gently into one of the chairs that had been plied up where they stood.

Cyril made his way in the throng again, and went straight to the refreshment room.

He purposely refrained from looking round the marquee lest he should see Norah and, forgetting Becca, be forced to go up to her.

"Give me a glass of champagne, please," he said to the footman in attendance, and having got it he went outside again.

Becca had ceased crying, but she was still shaken by dry little sobs.

"There," said Cyril, "drink that and then run away and dance. Take my word for it, Becca, there is scarcely anything in the world worth crying over," he added bitterly, as he thought of his own trouble.

Becca took the wine in both her trembling hands and drank it, then she looked up at Cyril with a strange expression in her face.

"You're—you're very kind to me, sir," she said.

"Oh, nonsense, said Cyril rather impatiently; he was anxious to be off. "The man who would turn from a woman in distress,' you know. Are you all right now?"

But it seemed as if there were still something troubling Becca, which even the glass of unwonted champagne could not dispel.

"Mr.—Mr. Burne," she faltered, "I—I ought to have told you——"

Then she stopped. "What ought you to have told me?" said Cyril, half absently.

Becca's face grew red, and she looked at his boots and plucked at the flounce of her dress irresolutely and nervously.

"It's—it's something I've found," she said.

"Something of mine, Becca? Well, what is it?" and he smiled. "Don't be so frightened. I don't suppose it's anything of consequence."

"I—I meant to give it to you when I saw you," said poor Becca, faltering for the first time in her life over a fib!"—but it slipped my mind. Here it is," and she held out the ring which she had taken from her pocket and held in her hand while he had gone for the champagne.

Cyril took it; then he laughed.

"Oh, my ring," he said carelessly. "Why, is that what has been troubling you? or partly, eh? What a silly child you are! Why, I don't care anything about it; and see here, Becca, findings are keepings. As you've found it, you shall have it."

He spoke thoughtlessly, and with the carelessness characteristic of him. It did not occur to him that there was any imprudence or indiscretion in giving a twopenny-halfpenny ring to a girl who had happened to find it.

"You shall have it if you like, Becca," he said.

Becca turned her moist eyes up to him.

"Oh, sir!"

"There you are," said Cyril. "Here, hold out you hand and I'll put it on for you."

Becca, a smile struggling upon her face, held up her hand, and at that moment two persons came to the opening of the marquee and looked out.

They were Guildford Berton and Lady Norah.

"A lovely night, but dark," he said. "I think I did right in advising you to get a breath of fresh air, Lady Norah."

She was about to make some reply when her eyes fell upon Cyril and Becca. Cyril's back was turned towards Norah, and Becca was too intent upon Cyril to see the pair looking at them.

"It fits as if it were made for you," Cyril said, as he slipped the ring on her finger.

Becca's eyes filled with tears as she looked at the ring—stolen property no longer, but her own, her very own. Then she took Cyril's hand and put it to her lips.

Cyril started and almost snatched his hand away, and there flashed upon him for the first time during the transaction the doubt as to its wisdom.

"Oh, come," he said, "don't make a fuss about such a trumpery present, Becca; and let me take you back to the tent."

Guildford Berton had stood looking from Cyril and Becca to Norah with a gleam of gratification in his dark eyes. He felt Norah's arm quiver as if a spasm of pain had shaken her, and saw her face grow slowly, slowly white; then in a low voice he said:

"I'm afraid we are intruding upon a little love scene, and are rather *de trop*. Let us efface ourselves," and he led her back into the marquee.

Norah spoke not a word until they had merged in the crowd, then she said:

"Will you take me to Lady Ferndale, Mr. Berton?" and in silence he led her to the line of dowagers at the other end of the room, and with a low reverential bow left her.

Meanwhile Cyril had taken Becca's arm, and was hurrying her to the tent; but at the door Becca drew back half shyly.

"I—I don't want to go back just yet," she murmured. "You go and leave me, Mr. Burne. I've given you enough trouble already."

"You would like to stay in the air a little while longer? Very well, Becca; go and sit down again until you feel all right," he said, and with a nod and a smile he left her, feeling, if the truth must be told, greatly relieved.

He entered the marquee during an interval in the dances, and at once looked round for Norah.

She was sitting beside Lady Ferndale, still pale but composed, though her heart was aching, her brain burning, with the emotion that threatened to over-master her.

What did it mean? Could it be possible that Cyril, her hero, her god, whose faith and honor she would have answered for with her life, was false to her?

Had the scene she had witnessed been a trick of her imagination? She had seen him place a ring on Becca's finger, had seen the girl look up into his face with tear-dimmed eyes, and kiss his hand with a passionate devotion! And he had danced with her, and with her alone of all the women in the room.

He had been walking in the darkness with her, making love to her—a shudder ran through Norah's frame, and her eyes filled with proud and burning tears—while she, she, the woman whose heart he had won, the woman with whom he had exchanged solemn vows of eternal love, had been neglected by him.

It was an insult past all comprehension, exceeding all belief. And yet she had seen those two with her own eyes!

A feeling of shame swept over her—shame for him who could be so false, for herself in that she had loved and trusted him.

She longed to plead some excuse and go home, to fly from the heat that seemed to be stifling her, the hideous din of the band sounded like the voices of so many mocking demons in her ears.

Lady Ferndale glanced at her once or twice.

"Are you tired, Norah dear?" she asked tenderly. "It has been a long day."

"No—yes, I think I am a little tired," she replied, scarcely knowing what she said.

Then a wave of attraction, repulsion swept over her, for she saw Cyril approaching them.

She would have risen and moved away, but her limbs refused to obey her will, and she sat motionless looking straight before her.

CHAPTER XXII.

"WHAT A HANDSOME man!" said an old lady to Lady Ferndale. "Who is he, my dear? I don't remember seeing him before."

"Oh, a great favorite of mine," replied Lady Ferndale. "He is Mr. Cyril Burne, who is going to become a famous artist; isn't he, Norah?"

Norah did not answer. Cyril was close upon them.

"Well, Mr. Burne," said Lady Ferndale, "have you come to make those excuses you owe me?"

And she nodded and smiled at him pleasantly.

"I have come to ask Lady Norah to be gracious enough to give me the next dance, Lady Ferndale?" he said, and he looked at Norah.

She did not meet his eyes, eloquent of anxious pleading. To her the look seemed full of deceit and falsehood. Perhaps he had looked in just the same way into Becca South's eyes.

"Will you give me this dance, Lady Norah?" he said, bending over her a little and lowering his voice that Lady Ferndale might not hear and notice the tender longing he could not keep out of it.

Norah raised her eyes then and looked him full in the face, with the expression that might have sat upon the face of a queen whose pride will not permit her to resent an insult in any other way than with cold reserve and indifference.

"Thank you," she said in tones of ice, "but I am tired."

Then she turned her face from him and spoke to Lady Ferndale.

The icy words fell upon Cyril's heart like so many stabs. He gave her one glance of reproachful tenderness, and, not knowing what to do, whether to take his dismissal without appeal or to remain in the hope of getting an explanation with her, sat down in a chair next to her which happened to be vacant.

Even in that moment of pain and bewildered doubt it was joy to him to feel himself near her, and he sat and waited for a chance to speak to her.

How much he had to tell her! If she would only come away into some quiet corner with him, that he might explain how he had been kept in London, and — Good Heavens! he must get her away, where he could talk alone with her, for in a few hours he must leave her again—that beastly Brittany business!—and perhaps for months.

Why did she avoid him? Was she never going to turn her head?

At last in desperation he said:

"What a capital ballroom this makes, Lady Norah."

Without looking at him she dropped a cold "Yes," and resumed her conversation with Lady Ferndale.

Cyril flushed hotly, then went pale, and stared straight before him, wondering what he should do.

He could not say, "Lady Norah, will you come with me? I have something to say to you"; he could not say this openly, with Lady Ferndale and all these old women sitting by; and yet he must speak to her, and alone.

He saw the people streaming towards the end of the tent into the supper-room, but with eyes that noticed nothing; and it was with a start that he found Guildford Berton before them.

"Will you let me take you to supper, Lady Norah?" he said, nodding with a cold impassive smile at Cyril.

Norah hesitated for one second, a second during which Cyril's heart beat wildly with excitement and dread. Would she go with him, or would she remain and give Cyril his chance?

His heart felt like lead as she rose and placed her hand on Guildford Berton's arm, and rising himself, he stood and stared after them, as they walked away, like a man in a dream.

What had he done, he asked himself, that she should treat him with such cold disdain? Ah, if she only knew what he had endured during that fortnight of absence from her!

"I'm afraid you will have to take me or some other old lady, Mr. Burne," said Lady Ferndale, eying him with half a smile of amusement.

Cyril started and offered her his arm, but Lady Ferndale turned to one of the dowagers.

"Lady Tressington, let me introduce Mr. Cyril Burne," and Cyril, feeling that he must be dreaming or out of his senses, gave his arm to the old lady and led her off.

It was not for the honor and pleasure of taking the Countess of Tressington in to supper that he had dashed down from London; and yet it seemed as if it would be his only reward, for when he reached the supper room he found that the only seats vacant were at the end of the long table, and that Norah was far away from him at the upper end.

He got the old lady some chicken, he also obtained some claret cup, and he succeeded in forcing himself to talk to her; but all the time his eyes kept wandering to where Norah sat, with Guildford Berton close beside her.

His dark face was turned to her continually, his eyes seemed eloquent of reverential devotion; and Cyril's teeth clenched, and his handsome face grew paler as he watched them.

Great Heavens! was it only a fortnight since her lovely head had rested against his heart, since she had murmured, "I love you!" in his ear?

Was it really his Norah, his queen and pearl amongst women, who sat there smiling at Guildford Berton's whispered talk? Or was it all some hideous dream?

"I'm afraid you have danced away all your appetite, Mr. Burne," said the countess with a smile, as she wondered what ailed the handsome young man who answered her at random, and kept declining the good things offered him.

"I—I have had my supper, Lady Tressington," he replied absently. "Let me give you some more champagne."

"That isn't champagne, but claret cup," said the countess, laughing. "But no more thank you."

The meal appeared to Cyril to stretch into eternity; but Lady Tressington rose at last, and he took her back to the ballroom.

As he passed through the division between the two tents he almost ran against Becca South. She was standing half-hidden by the folds of a big flag which served as drapery, and she was looking into the supper-room, and at something or someone so intently that she did not see Cyril and the countess until he ran against her.

Then she started and drew back, but not before Cyril had noticed the pallor of her face and the look of misery and desperation in her eyes.

He nodded and smiled at her encouragingly as he passed, and Becca forced a woebegone smile in response, and then he forgot all about her.

The guests came trooping into the ballroom, like giants refreshed, and apparently rather more eager for dancing than before.

"Now you have done your duty, Mr. Burne, don't let me keep you," said Lady Tressington, settling herself into the chair she had occupied during the whole of the evening. "Can you tell me the time? I suppose it will not last much longer. I have a young daughter here somewhere, and we must be thinking of going."

Cyril looked at his watch and told her.

"So late!" she said. "It is quite time my girl was in bed. Will you be so good as to find her for me. There she is the one with the dark rose in her hair."

Cyril went off, thinking with dismay as he went that in a short, very short time he too must be off, that is if he meant to catch the market train which would enable him to keep his appointment with Lord Newall.

He found Lady Tressington's daughter, a young girl just out of the school-room, and full of the brim with delight in her first ball, and delivered the message.

"Oh, dear! So soon!" she said, pouting her fresh young lips, and looking at Cyril reproachfully. "Are you sure mamma said we were going. I thought you were going to ask me to dance!" she added.

Poor Cyril's heart fell.

"That is what I should like," he said. "Perhaps Lady Tressington will be gracious enough to permit us."

"Let us dance first, and ask mamma afterwards," suggested the young lady demurely, and Cyril, with a laugh of despair that must have sounded rather oddly in Lady Anne's ears, put his arm round her waist.

The dance seemed, like the supper, endless. He saw the minutes racing away, and carrying with them his last opportunity of speaking with Nora. Lady Anne was pretty and charming enough to win the heart of any man, but it is to be feared that Cyril went very near to actually disliking her.

The moment the music ceased he took her to her mother, and, metaphorically, almost threw her at Lady Tressington. Then, pale with excitement and anxiety, he went round in search of Nora.

He could not see her anywhere. He looked at his watch; there was very little more time left than would suffice for him to go back to The Chequers and get his things and catch the train.

At last he saw Lady Ferndale standing by the opening of the tent, and he made his way to her.

"So soon, Mr. Burne?" she said, thinking he was going.

"I am afraid so," said Cyril. "Thank you for so pleasant an evening——" Then he cut with his question with a suddenness that almost startled himself. "Have you seen Lady Norah, Lady Ferndale? I—I want to beg a dance."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Lady Ferndale. "She was tired. It has been a long day, and she has been so good in helping us! She has gone into the house, and to bed, I hope; but I am really sorry that you should miss your dance."

Cyril stared at her for a moment aghast, then in a bewildered kind of way he made for the cloak-room and got his hat and coat, and went into the open air.

There he stood with his hands thrust into his pockets, staring vacantly at the stars.

Norah gone! The last chance of seeing her and speaking to her lost! And he was going away perhaps for months. And there was no chance of communicating with her!

He laughed, a hard, desperate laugh, and bit his lip.

Go! Leave her with nothing to take with him but the remembrance of her strange, inexplicable coldness! Not he! Lord Newall and his picture might go hang! Then he thought of his high resolve, of the chance which luck had given him, of what Jack would say, of what Norah herself would say if he let it slip; and he groaned.

Was there no way of letting her know where he was going and why, no way of telling her how cruelly she had made him suffer that night, and begging her for an explanation?

Even as he asked himself the question he saw Becca South coming from the tent.

She was wrapped in a shawl, and was evidently going home in company with some of the girls of the village who were with her.

Her presence naturally supplied him with an idea. She had carried a message for him once, she should do so again.

Joining the group, he went up to her, and touching her arm whispered her name.

She started, and turned her face to him, and its pallor struck him as it had done when he ran against her on his way from the supper-room.

"Come with me a minute, Becca," he said in a whisper.

She did not hesitate for a second, but, obeying him as if he had a right to command, took her arm from that of the girl next to her, and said:

"Go on, Emily, I will catch you up directly."

The girl, indeed the whole of the little group, looked at her and at Cyril, and the one she had addressed as Emily giggled knowingly, and whispered something which made the rest laugh as they looked over their shoulders.

Cyril went half-a-dozen yards in the darkness, Becca following. Then he stopped.

"Becca," he said, "will you do something for me?"

She nodded, her black eyes fixed upon his face.

"That's a good girl," he said. "I want you to take a letter to"—he faltered for a moment—"to Lady Norah."

Becca nodded silently again.

"I—I wanted to say something to her," said Cyril, "but could not get a chance to-night. Will you give her a note from me; give it to her when you are alone with her? You took a message from me once, you know——"

"I know," said Becca, in a dull voice. "Give me the letter Mr. Burne."

Cyril laughed drearily.

"It isn't written yet, Becca, and where I am to get—— Wait!" he hunted his pockets and found an old letter. "Come this way," he said quickly.

Becca followed him to the edge of the shrubbery, and, kneeling down, Cyril spread out the half-sheet of paper on his hat.

"Now take this match-box and light a match—one after the other, keep them going till I've finished. There's a good girl, Becca," he said.

She struck a wax match, and held it close to the paper, and lit others in succession as he wrote the following:

"I have been absent on important business. I could not come to you. I could not write. Are you angry because of my absence? I have done nothing to deserve your coldness. To-morrow—to-day—I must leave England. I may be away months. I cannot leave you without a word begging you to tell me why you have treated me so cruelly, Norah! Have you forgotten in a short fortnight all that has passed between us? Write me a line, and at once, to 'Lorient, Brittany.' I shall know no happiness until I hear from you, till I know that you still love me.

"CYRIL."

"There!" he said, with a kind of groan. "You will give it to her, Becca? And soon! And—I've no envelope, Becca!" And he looked up at her.

"No one shall see it," she said quietly, in the same dull, depressed voice. "You can trust me, Mr. Burne."

"Yes," he said gravely, "I can trust you, Becca. Take it then—and for God's sake take care of it. You can't know how important it is——"

His face was pale in the light of the match and his lips quivered.

"You can trust me!" she repeated.

He watched her intently as she carefully hid the letter away in the bosom of her dress.

"Thank you, Becca," he said. "And good-bye for the present. I must go now. Let me see you on your road."

"No, no," she said.

"I understand," he answered. "Perhaps we had better go separately——"

Even as he spoke a young man and a woman passed close to him, and looked curiously at them, and the girl called out—

"Good night, Becca."

"Go on now, then," said Cyril. "I will wait here until you have got into the road. Good-night, and thank you! I hope your trouble has all gone now, Becca," he added.

She looked at him as she touched his hand, and he was rather startled by the expression of her face, and the dry, feverish heat of her hand.

"My trouble!" she said dully, and with a little catch in her voice. "Oh, yes. Yes, sir. Good-night. You needn't fear about the letter. You can trust me."

And she went.

Cyril looked after her, anxiously thinking only of his precious letter; then he set off across the park at a sharp trot.

Once he pulled up, suddenly smitten by one of those unaccountable impulses which fall upon us at times: the impulse to run after Becca, and see her safely to the village.

If he had only done so! But he thrust the impulse from him, and hurried on his way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NATURE'S CARICATURE.—One of the most remarkable of all plants is that known to botanists as the "fusticia picta," which has also been well named the "caricature plant." At first it appears to be a heavy, large-leafed plant with purple blossoms, chiefly remarkable for the light-yellow centres of its dark, green leaves. When one first sees this odd plant, and thinks what a sickly, blighted appearance the queer yellow stains give it, he is suddenly impressed with the fact that the plant is "making faces" at him. And this first impression is correct. This curious shrub indeed occupies itself in growing up in ridiculous caricatures of the "human face divine," and is covered from the topmost leaf down with the queerest faces imaginable. Nature has taken to caricaturing. The flesh-colored profiles stand out in strong relief against the green of the leaves. The plants readily grow in a common hot-house.

DON'TS.—Don't believe that everybody else in the world is happier than you.

Don't conclude that you have never had any opportunities in life.

Don't believe the evils that you hear.

Don't repeat gossip even if it does interest a crowd.

Don't go untidy on the plea that everybody knows you.

Don't be rude to your inferiors in social position.

Don't over or under dress.

Don't express a positive opinion, unless you perfectly understand what you are talking about.

Don't get in the habit of vulgarizing life by making light of the sentiment of it.

Don't jeer at anybody's religious belief.

Don't try to be anything else than a gentleman — and that means a man who has consideration for the whole world, and whose life is governed by the Golden Rule, "Do unto others as you would be done by."

One often reads pathetic stories of pet birds that die simultaneously with, or shortly after, their child owners. It sounds pretty, but the simple prose of the matter often is that the owners infected the birds. Canaries and other songsters will catch scarlet fever, measles, diphtheria or almost any other human disease, and if left in the sick room are almost sure to be infected. Pet cats and small dogs, too, are often sacrificed in the same way, and in their cases there is also the risk that they will go out and become the unconscious instruments of disseminating disease.

A LADY OF BY-GONE DAYS.

BY MAUD E. SARGENT.

Fair quaint lady of by-gone days,
Smiling down from your picture-frame,
I wonder, when you were young, sweet maid,
If girlish hearts were still the same?

Were you wise in every household art;
Or did you idle your time away
In careless frolic at rout or ball,
In idle gossip at cards or play?

'Tis hard to tell. Long years have sped,
Old times and customs have vanished all;
And only your picture looks smiling down
From its lonely place on the old oak wall.

A Chamber of Horror.

BY A. SHERWOOD.

SITUATED at the end of a narrow street—bearing the somewhat uncommon title of Silcorum Lane—in one of the largest, dirtiest, and most densely populated of England's manufacturing towns, was a low, rambling, red-brick house, standing by itself in thickly shrubberied grounds bounded by high stone walls. For nearly thirty years it had remained unlet. It was far larger than its fellows—the occupiers of which were remarkable neither for sobriety, cleanliness, nor honesty—too large, considering the nature of its surroundings, to have been likely to quickly find a tenant, unless in the capacity of a lodging-house; and for this purpose its owner refused to allow it to be made use of.

Probably these were the primary reasons for its long continued unoccupied condition; but as the years had rolled on, leaving house and grounds untouched, unattended, save by the hand of time; as thick dusty ivy had straggled around the windows, and sun and rain conspired to fade and deface the paint; as grass and dandelion, nettles and groundsel, had wrested the soil from dying flowers; as rust had eaten into the old iron gates, and moss and weeds overrun the footpaths; they had presented too unattractive a picture to tempt even such persons as could have dispensed with a reputable set of neighbors, and the emptiness of River's Lodge had come to be a matter of course to the inhabitants of Silcorum Lane. Great, therefore, was their surprise when it became rumored among them the house at last was taken.

But taken by whom?

Nobody knew, and after a while—the weeks passing on with nothing more enlivening than the sight of a few hand-carts containing provisions and furniture, stopping to disgorge their contents for reception by a small white-haired old gentleman, and—later on—of an unkept-looking woman cleaning one of the windows, while all around remained in unchanged dreariness and neglect—nobody cared.

Meanwhile, the new tenant had entered into possession, bringing with him but one servant, a feeble wrinkled old woman afflicted with dumbness, and over whose person dirt reigned supreme.

"You quite understand me?" he rapidly questioned his unprepossessing domestic, the evening of his arrival. "You are to hold no communication whatever with any one; are not to go beyond the limits of these grounds; and must obey implicitly—to the exact letter—the few orders I shall give you. In return I provide you food, clothing, and shelter; and you may have for the asking anything I consider reasonable. Your only work is to keep clean the one room you will discover furnished, and to attend to your own wants."

The old woman curtseyed, then set her filthy claw like fingers in motion.

"Cooking? I shall want no cooking," replied the gentleman, with something of a shudder of disgust. "And as for food, and other necessaries for yourself, they shall be sent here through my ordering. I shall give you no money, for it might prove a temptation to your endeavoring to break some of my rules. One thing more. I insist—above all—that no person shall be admitted to the house—during my absence or presence—unless by my express permission. You may consider this latter injunction unnecessary, as I lock the garden gates each time upon leaving, but I wish to use every precaution against the failure of my plans, to leave unsaid no word that might influence you—if need was—to like care."

The old woman again curtseyed, furtively eying her master.

"If you please, sir, what name must I give if any one inquires?" she asked.

"No one will inquire," was the sharp reply. "And if anyone calls, you need not go to the gate—you must not. But my name is Chadd. Remember now—let me impress it upon you—the house doors—both back and front—must be kept securely fastened from within, I have a key to enter as I choose. Of course I know you agreed to all this before; I merely repeat it to be certain of no misconception."

"My comings and goings will probably be very irregular, but my room must always be ready for me—warmed by the hot-water pipes, and the gas lit. I shall not remain here to-night. That is all, I think. Good night."

"There's something uncanny about him," thought the old woman, as from one of the windows she watched her master look the tall iron gates, afterwards placing the key in his pocket. "I was sure on it, when I heard his strange talk the day he engaged me. Maybe he's a gentleman-burglar like as I've been told on, an's going to bring his swag here. Well, so long as I does his bidding an' doesn't peach on him he'll let me alone, I reckon; and a poor old body, who's afraid of the workhouse, and whose friends is ungrateful, must take what she can get."

With which conclusion she turned, with some curiosity, to climb the stairs and inspect Mr. Chadd's apartment.

She found it to be a large chamber, covering nearly half of the area of the house, and very richly furnished. A splendid Persian cat pet lay upon the floor. The walls were hung with soft velvet draperies entirely concealing the three windows, and the chairs—of which there were few—the table, and a low comfortable-looking couch, were enveloped in the same claret-colored material.

The whole style of the upholstery was luxurious, sensuous, effeminate; and the rays of light streaming through crimson globes heightened this effect, deepening the shadows by accentuating the tones.

"Good gracious!" mused Mrs. Searle, fingering a portion of the velvet. "It's a room fit for a prince. What ever that shabby, dried-up little stick of a man can want with all these cushions, and lounging-chairs, and velvets, I can't imagine.

"And he said he should come here mostly of a night, yet there ain't no bed for him as I sees on. Something's wrong. Something's wrong, or my name ain't Philippa Searle.

"And I'm never to move them curtains from across them there windows. Ah! I see. They is sewn together. And there's another over the door—to keep folks from spying through the keyhole, I suppose.

"Well, Mr. Chadd, I must say, sir, you have taken great pains to keep what'll go on in here from prying eyes. And I've always to have that gas lit—day and night—why, it's a regular big one—like it was in a music-hall, instead of a shady old cove's best parlor," with a grim smile. "Well, I must be cautious, and—as he says—keep myself from idle curiosity. But—all the same—though I am dumb, I am not deaf, nor blind, and I shall look out, Mr. Chadd. Yes; I shall look out."

Several days went by, the old woman remaining solitary in the dingy house with its two habitable rooms. Few were the attempts made to break in upon her privacy. An enterprising vendor of patent marking-ink, a couple of street hawkers, and a newspaper girl shook and hammered the gates, seeking admission; but as no result—not even the appearance of a face at a window—rewarded their efforts, they speedily desisted.

The occupants of the neighboring houses were too much absorbed in the excitements of a hot political contest to have the leisure or inclination for criticism of the new arrivals—though, to do them justice, politics or no politics, their own affairs were usually of too hazardous and interesting a nature to allow of much concern for those of other people.

Had Mr. Chadd searched the whole town he could have found no more suitable and safe a spot for a quiet concealment.

Mrs. Searle had discovered a plentiful stock of provisions in her larder, off which she fared sumptuously.

Her work was light; her loss of liberty of little consequence to her; even her loneliness no great drawback, her affliction rendering her indifferent to society, and her pulses sluggish in responding to that feeling of sociability, usually the outcome of a desire for congenial conversation; and her determination to retain her situation at all hazards grew with her increasing satisfaction.

In short, Mr. Chadd had been as fortunate in the choice of his servant as in the choice of his house.

One evening, as Mrs. Searle, having, according to her custom, retired to her bed at half-past ten, was sleeping off the effects of a hearty supper, she was awakened by a heavy hand violently shaking her by the shoulder.

The realization of the awful solitariness of her position rushed upon her with full force, as, paralyzed by terror, she passively yielded to the rough treatment.

"Get up, woman, get up," yelled an angry voice in her ear. "Great heavens!" with what sounded like a groan of despair. "Will she never wake?"

Slowly Mrs. Searle collected her scattered senses, recognising, with such a feeling of supreme relief as she had never before experienced, her master's tones.

But her nerves were too much upset for her to be able, at the moment, to rise in obedience to his commands, and with almost frantic earnestness were the shouts renewed:

"Get up, woman. Get up, I say; or I will you from the room."

At last she sat up; and Mr. Chadd, releasing her, stepped quickly to the door.

"Throw on something as rapidly as possible," he called through the inky darkness, "and without waiting even to strike a light, come into my room. Do you hear me? Come at once. I have some orders to give you."

Mrs. Searle invested herself in a few necessary articles of clothing, then made her way to Mr. Chadd's apartment, on the outside of which she found him awaiting her, with one hand holding the door ajar. When he spoke, it was in agitated accents.

"You will remember, Mrs. Searle," he said, "that the day you entered this place I told you I should expect you to carry out my most simple instructions as though great importance depended upon their performance."

Mrs. Searle curtseyed, looking with eager old eyes up in the direction of her master's face, but he was standing with his back to the modicum of light struggling through the few inches of space between the door and its frame, and she could see nothing but its outline.

"I merely wish to tell you, now," he continued, "to bring me a tumbler of hot water and brandy punctually at three in the morning. Mind, now! make no mistake in the hour, or the consequences may be fearful."

Mrs. Searle's fingers, accompanied by earnest gesticulations, assured him of her intention to accurately obey him. Much of the significance of these gestures must have been lost upon him in the dim light, but he appeared satisfied.

"I will wish you good-night, then," he said, and passed through the doorway, closing the door after him.

The following morning, Mrs. Searle, approaching Mr. Chadd's door at the appointed hour, in answer to a call of "Come in," entered the room.

She found her master seated by the table, resting his head on his hands and looking pale and wearied.

He received her graciously, insisting as he sipped his hot mixture that she should partake of a glass of the same, chatting amicably to her, and praising the faithful performance of her duties.

Her spirits rose higher and higher.

"He is beginning to understand something of my worth," she thought, unctuously enjoying the steaming beverage. "Pity it is none of my ungrateful relations isn't here to near on him."

He was a short, spare man, with a sallow complexion, and thin features of a peculiar cast, abnormous enough to have created in a beauty-loving person a feeling of repugnance. Presently he rose togo.

"I have not disturbed the room much," he said, glancing round with a smile. "You see I shall not trouble you with a large amount of work, Mrs. Searle. I hope you are satisfied with you situation."

A month passed before Mr. Chadd again spent a night at River's Lodge, although, as necessity required, he appeared at short intervals to open the way for the bringing in of provisions.

Regular after this, for nearly half a year, were his monthly visits. Mrs. Searle's curiosity as to his movements, and his reasons for occupying his luxuriously furnished apartment, straightened. Several times was she a listener outside his door, but with no satisfactory result. At length, however, she received an effectual check to her love of midnight watchings.

She was lying, her ear to the door, straining every nerve to understand something of what was going on within, when her unflagging patience and perseverance were rewarded, for the first time, by the discovery of what she knew to be an unusual occurrence.

Mr. Chadd was in an overpowering passion. Up and down the room he came and went; up and down with quick firm steps, falling, to judge from the loud thuds upon the carpet, the massive chairs in his progress, until, to Mrs. Searle's terrified dismay, he stopped before the door, heavily striking it, and calling out her name in harsh tones, accompanied by angry upbraidings.

Unpleasant visions crowded before the old woman's eyes, grim grey pictures of the dreaded workhouse and ungrateful friends, sharply contrasting with bright days of lazy living and good feeding enjoyed during her stay at River's Lodge, and with a groan she lamented the folly that had drawn her thitherwards that night.

"To think that I should have ruined myself for nothing; just out of idle curiosity. Oh! what shall I do? What shall I do? I daren't open the door and go to him in that passion. He said himself as how harm would come to me if I did anything what I hadn't ought, and that I hadn't to give way to idle curiosity. No. I'll just hurry away and stay away until it's time for me to take him his brandy."

But, safe in her own room, free from the distraction engendered by the fierce outcries, under dominion of a calmer mind came reasonable doubts as to the likelihood of Mr. Chadd having had knowledge of her presence at all.

"He could only have guessed, at best, I was there, for how could he have known? He couldn't have seen me in that darkness. He couldn't have heard me, I was that particular to keep quiet, especially through that thick curtain; and it was across the door all the time, or I should have seen the light through the cracks, which I didn't. Now how could he have known I was there? Yet, if he didn't, why did he call of me; and if he wanted to catch me spying, why didn't he open the door and pounce out upon me?

"It's strange, like all the rest of his affairs; and I don't understand it. But I know this; if he tackles me in the morning, I'll brazen it out to him, and take my oath I was sleeping in my bed all night, and never left it until he heard me coming with his mixture."

Like many other anxious thought-takers for the morrow, Mrs. Searle, when the moment came for the testing of the need of her forebodings, found them vanish into thin air, to all appearances perfectly uncalled for.

True, Mr. Chadd was silent and pre-occupied, but otherwise his manner was unchanged, his "Good day" as he left the house being affable as ever, while no word was said as to the proceedings of the previous night.

Mrs. Searle congratulated herself upon her foresight. She had saved herself, so to speak, by the skin of her teeth, for had not terror prevented her, she would have answered his calls by revealing her presence to him.

Of one thing she was now certain. Never again, no matter how strong the temptation would she, in satisfying her morbid curiosity, be led to risk the loss of her comfortable situation.

Gradually Mr. Chadd's visits to River's Lodge became more frequent, until hardly a week passed without his spending one night in the softly-light, richly-upholstered apartment there.

Mrs. Searle continued to her determination to carefully refrain from giving the slightest cause for complaint, and, however lively her inquisitiveness or excited her imagination, made no further attempt to pry into her master's secrets.

And when she had ceased to scheme for their discovery, and when she was least expecting to learn them, the kernel of the whole truth was forced upon her, through no intervention of her own.

She had risen one morning at the usual hour, and, as had become her custom, after knocking at Mr. Chadd's door, gently pushed it ajar.

Why did she start back, with a loud gasping sob which would have been an articulate cry in one less miserably afflicted? Why did she suffer the tray with the glass and water to slip from her clammy shaking fingers, as, with reeling gait, she fled into the passage?

Her dress caught in the door-handle, and the door, with a loud bang, echoing and re-echoing along the corridor of the dark old house, closed. Her lips were white, her teeth chattering; and, helpless with fright, she fell prostrate upon the floor.

How long she had lain thus she could not have told, when she was aroused by hearing Mr. Chadd's voice gently speaking to her from behind the still closed door.

"Mrs. Searle," he said, "are you there?"

How humble the tones! Mrs. Searle had never heard the like from him before.

"Mrs. Searle," came the voice again, the extraordinary gentleness giving place to a little sternness, "if you are there, as I imagine you are, kindly knock upon my

door and let me know. Then I will explain something that may have appeared strange to you. Do not fear. There is no one here, now, but myself."

Mrs. Searle, rising, with a vague feeble wonder why he did not open the door and see for himself whether or no she was there, obeyed.

Then, in accents half defiant, half awed, was related a short story, and at its conclusion, with heavy eyes and still timorous countenance, she re-entered the apartment.

After the revelation which had come upon Mrs. Searle with such startling suddenness, the one desire possessing her was to escape from the situation which before she had so highly prized.

She longed to flee from the gloomy house, from the solitude which now so oppressed her, and, beyond all, from her master himself, whose presence filled her with dread and repulsion. Yet she dared not demand her liberty from him, and found it impossible to obtain it without his knowledge and consent.

Of late, not only had gates been locked and the keys appropriated, but doors; not only was she a prisoner within the high stone walls of the garden, but within the house itself; and never once had Mr. Chadd forgotten to use these precautions.

He had become aware of her fears, and of her wish to leave him, and had taken effective means for the prevention of her doing so, turning upon her after each fresh invention for securing her detention, a snarl revealing his teeth, like that of a famished bulldog, to beg her to mark his carefulness in preserving her blissful retreat from intrusion and his property from the attack of thieves.

Latterly he had rapidly aged in appearance and declined in health. His spirits had become low, his temper irritable; and there was an indefinable something about him which, independent of the knowledge she held concerning him, was sufficient to inspire a feeling of repugnance in the old woman's breast.

She no longer took him his hot water at a certain fixed hour. Instead, she approached the passage into which his door opened, and what she heard standing with bated breath at its head, decided her how how to proceed.

If she was warned to retreat, she returned at intervals until receiving decisive indications she might enter his room.

The climax of her apprehensions was reached when he intimated his intention of spending a fortnight at the Lodge. His looks were wild and haggard as he made the announcement, and a nervous glancing backward across his shoulder terrified her by the suggestion it presented to her mind.

For the last few days she had been in a condition approaching starvation, owing to his having failed to provide her with a sufficient supply of provisions, yet she had not the hardihood to remind him of his neglect; and, after ushering him into his room, climbed the stairs to her bedchamber, and endeavored to lose remembrance of hunger in sleep.

But she could not sleep. Through the long night-watches she lay, tossing from side to side, and thrusting her fingers into her ears and shuddering as she fancied—only fancied—the cries she had heard many a night, standing at the head of the passage echoing in her brain; for no noise, however loud, from Mr. Chadd's apartment could reach her own.

When morning dawned, she timidly approached the passage, in which nothing but the fear she bore Mr. Chadd, and his assurance of her immunity from harm if she carried out his instructions, would have induced her to set foot, but received unmistakeable warnings to retrace her steps.

Several times that day, several times the night following, did she retire without drawing nearer to the mysterious chamber, though wild entreaties rang out, wild commands she should at once enter the apartment.

The morning of the second day broke. Faint with hunger she descended to the passage.

No sound came from her master's room—an intense stillness pervaded the house—and, with a relieved sigh, she shuffled up to his door and knocked.

But there was no response, and again she knocked. Still there was no response.

Her head was swimming with weakness, yet for two whole hours she stood outside the door, not daring to open it. At length, however, encouraged by the silence, and her sense of fear somewhat dulled by her craving for food, she laid her had upon the massive knob, turned it, and walked boldly into the room.

The sun was shining brightly in through the windows, from which the curtains had been drawn aside, paling the pink rays of light emitted through the crimson globes into nothingness.

The heavy chairs and couches were piled in a heap against one of the walls. Signs of a struggle—desperate, determined—were plainly visible. And in the centre of the room, his white face mockingly kissed by the sunbeams, lay Mr. Chadd—dead.

* * * * * *

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF SIR CYRUS DREIRD, *alias* WILLIAM CHADD, OF RIVER'S LODGE, SLIGORUM LANE, ETC.

Wednesday, May 1870.—At last I have, figuratively speaking, reached the end of my tether. I have committed the sin which men—time so near in their thoughts, eternity so far—esteem supreme in vileness: I have cut short a human life.

For years I have rioted in the wickedness my heart loves, but never before have I broken the code of laws my fellow-countrymen have framed. The sensation I experience at the thought of my position as a criminal are novel.

I awoke the night after the murder, to feel a cold leadeny chill creeping over me—over every part of my body but my hands and feet, which were burning hot—and I fancied a heavy weight was upon my chest, which I was unable to remove. The blood seemed to stop coursing through my veins. I was—save for the heat in my hands and feet, and the dull pulsation of my heart—as a dead man.

For hours the dreadful nightmare hung over me, and I remained perfectly incapable of motion. Then I fainted; and when I recovered consciousness, day was breaking, and it was gone.

Tuesday.—For several nights I have been a prey to the same terrible sensation. I have suffered agony unspeakable.

Wednesday.—I have consulted a physician. He has told me my nerves are out of order, and recommended change of air, lively society, agreeable occupation, and more temperate living.

Friday.—I have decided to travel. This fearful—I might almost call it disease—will kill me if something is not done to mitigate its horrors.

* * * * * *

Friday, August.—How my jolly comrades in all the gay cities will laugh when they hear it! I have made up my mind to marry; to eschew the delights of my wild bachelor life, and seek happiness in connubial felicity. She to whom I intend offering my hand and heart is a pretty child of seventeen.

I have met her at Thun travelling with her parents. They know me by name, my wealth, my title, my reputation as a roue, everything but my crime. How they would shrink from me did they but become aware of that! And yet they do not discourage my addresses to their daughter; nay, they encourage them. Simpletons!

Is not the murdering of souls, the first insidious impulse given towards propelling an immortal spirit to the downward road that leads to everlasting death, to be more condemned than the mere hastening of the inevitable doom of all flesh?

Tuesday.—Every day I am by Minna's side, walking, riding, driving, and every day I see more clearly the love she bears me. She is sweet and pretty; a truly womanly woman, with all the freshness of an ignorant child. I look forward to passing years of calm and pleasant existence in her companionship, and to becoming an eminently respectable member of society. I have sown my wild oats, covered them, and left them.

I have grown weary of evil-doing. Let but my crime remain undiscovered (and who can discover it when the secret lies only betwixt myself and the dead?), and all will be well.

Thursday.—There is a ball at our hotel this evening. I am engaged to Minna for the first dance. Afterwards I intend to lead her from the "madding crowd," and the brilliant rooms, out upon the little terrace fronting the flower-gardens, and there, in the misty light of the stars and the solemn hush of evening, plight my troth.

Minna is dead. How coldly I write the words! All sense of her loss is effaced by the terrible calamity that has befallen me. Nemesis is upon me at last. Fool that I was, to dream of a tranquil Eden for such as I!

Scarce a moment had we stood together, Minna and I—her little hand, upon which I had just slipped a ring, in mine—when, to my horror, the old dreadful sensation, from which latterly I had been free, stole over me. The heavy weight upon my chest; the deadness of my limbs; the fire in my hands and feet, were intensified, and accompanied by a loud whirring noise, which beat upon my brains until I fell prone before my love upon the terrace.

Her shriek I faintly heard ring out into the soft night air, bringing crowds of men and gaily dressed women from the ball-room; then the things around me faded from my sight, and there arose in their place a being it would be impossible for me to describe; a being whose terrible countenance struck me with ineffable dread. He was a giant in form, and, though so terrible, there was beauty in his face—a beauty which, however, my soul instinctively loathed. Dumb I lay at his feet, while in monotonous accents spoke thus:

"You have committed sins—culminating in the murder of your brother—of which it were impossible for mortal to bear the burden and live. You live because the oppression entailed by them has, by occult influence, been thrown off your sensibilities, creating me. But, though apart from you, I still have power over you, increasing or decreasing according to the evil or good motives swaying you; and in natural sequence I bring you misery, retribution for the suffering you have caused to others. The less corrupt life you have lived since leaving England stayed for a while my avenging hand. Had you revered the purity of this innocent girl (now lying dead at your feet); had you hesitated to sacrifice her to your selfish purposes, to take advantage of her ignorance and her parents' ambition to bind her to a man of your past; you might have never seen me, never have provoked my utmost vengeance. But you did not hesitate: and when her lips touched yours; when the ring upon her finger proclaimed her yours; when the love-light in her eyes proclaimed her yours; when you did not wever in claiming your sacrifice; then your exceeding sinfulness called forth my greatest force. The shock of the discovery of your true character was too much for her. She is dead; one of the many guiltless sacrificed for the vices of the guilty.

"You are mine. Your passions have enslaved you to me. But, so obstinate is your temperament, you will refuse to acknowledge your bondage: you will fight against me with all the might of your inflexible will. So be it. There must be a conflict. But, sooner or later, I shall completely overpower you.

"Upon the third night of each month I will meet you. You cannot escape me. In whatever place, with whomsoever, you are, my grasp is upon you; and as my hold over you strengthens, the more often shall I be with you, the more protracted will be my stay."

* * * * * * * * *

Tuesday.—I have chosen a house to which I may retire to battle with my foe, and behind the doors of which may be concealed from the world the knowledge of my misfortune. In case my courage deserts me, and cowardice inclines me to flee from Him, thus acknowledging his mastership and hastening my ruin, I have contrived that the room in which I shall meet him shall be, on occasions, my temporary prison. The door closes with a spring to be worked only from the outside, and I shall be compelled, by the consciousness of my inability to escape, to disregard any momentary weakness, and confront him bravely.

I have engaged an old woman to be, unwittingly, my jailer. I think I can safely trust her to appear and open the door at a given hour, but if I see reason to doubt her, I can take measures for enforcing her obedience. I can confine her to the house, as I have confined her within the boundry of the garden walls; and, her life being dependent on me, she will not dare run contrary to my commands. I shall keep the secret of the door (I secure it each time on leaving, in a manner which renders it impracticable she should notice the spring), and she will never dream that I am her prisoner.

* * * * * * *

Saturday (November 1871).—I have been compelled to unbosom my secret to Mrs. Searle. My conflicts with Him have become more prolonged, and I cannot accurately state the hour at which she may safely come to me. The other day she received a severe shock. Entering my room at the appointed time, she found me struggling fierce.y with Him. She did not—so she tells me—see him; but my face, distorted with frenzy, and my actions, frightened her almost out of her wits.

* * * * * * *

The verdict returned at the inquest held over the body of Sir Cyrus Dreird was, "that the deceased committed suicide while in an unsound state of mind."

BANQUET not upon borrowing.

Scientific and Useful.

SHOES.—A pair of shoes that have become stiff and uncomfortable by wear in the rain may have a coat of vaseline applied, rubbing it well with a cloth, and in short time the leather becomes as soft and pliable as when it is taken from the shelves of the shoe dealer.

PHOTOGRAPHS.—A process has been invented by means of which photographs can be printed off almost as fast as newspaper, and without dependence on sun or light. Some of these prints are of exquisite quality, in tone and appearance much resembling platinotype. As the process can be adopted to all kinds of photography it is probable that before long the best portraits, if ordered in quantities, will be extremely cheap.

THE REMOVAL OF MOLES.—Moles on the face are now being successfully treated by the use of sodium ethylate. The mole is painted with the sodium ethylate, a fine glass rod being used. When the mole has a varnished look the ethylate is gently rubbed in with the glass rod, to make it penetrate more deeply. The mole turns nearly black and a hard crust forms over it, which is nearly three weeks in becoming detached. When it comes off the mole is much lighter than before, and this treatment can be continued until the mark is scarcely noticeable.

RAZORS.—An experienced barber declares that amateurs wear all the temper out of their razors by excessive strapping. He adds: "The only remedy is to let the razor alone. Put away the razor that scrapes and cuts the skin and give it a good rest. Then use it again, and in all probability it will be in good shape. Some of the modern shaving sets have as many shaving sets have as many razors as there are days in the week, and on the handle of each is engraved the name of a day. If the rotation is kept up very little sharpening is needed.

CONSUMPTION CURED BY WARM WATER.—The fact that consumption can be cured is daily becoming more and more impressed on the mind of the laymen. One of the simplest and best methods of fighting this dread malady is the warm milk treatment, and while undergoing it the patient is advised to go on some farm, farm, where he is sure to get it fresh, and where, moreover, he can pass his days in horseback riding. When the treatment is undergone, recovery from consumption would not only be possible, but would very likely occur, unless the lungs had been too seriously diseased. An outdoor life in pure air, good wholesome food and plenty of it are the surest cures for the malady, and no one of these features is more important than either of the others.

Farm and Garden.

SOILS.—Dry soils should receive flat cultivation and damp soils should be ridged. The object is to save as much of the moisture as possible, and, get rid of the excess.

ORCHARDS.—A young peach orchard of a few tree may be used as a garden with advantage. The manuring of the vegetables will benefit the trees, and as the clean cultivation will also be required the weeds and grass will not have an opportunity to injure the tree. Peach trees thrive best when cultivated.

BEES AND SALT.—Bees are fond of salt. For this reason they are often seen hovering about urinals. This is sufficient hint for the bee keeper to keep a shallow dish of salt and water where the bees can get access to it. Probably clear salt put near them under cover would draw moisture enough during wet weather and dewy nights for all practical purposes.

WATERED MILK.—A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright manner. If the milk is pure a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle, but the addition of even a small proportion of water will prevent the adhesion of the drop.

BOTANY—It is thought that in the agricultural districts botany should be a study in the public schools, and that one day in the week should be given up to lectures on soils, plants, breeds of stock, cultivation, fertelizers, etc. Such studies are not uninteresting to children who are accustomed to the farm, and they would quickly comprehend the lectures from the aid imparted by every-day experiences. No doubt such doubt such studies would be of much benefit to the coming generation and lead to better systems of farming.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1821

PHILADELPHIA, MAY 17, 1890.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

(IN ADVANCE.)

1 Copy One Year $2 00
2 Copies One Year 3.00
6 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 6.00
10 Copies One Year, and One to getter-up of Club 10.00

Additions to Clubs can be made at any time during the year at same rate.

It is not required that all the members of a Club be at the same postoffice.

Remit by Postal Order, Postal Note, Draft, Check, or Registered Letter.

Always enclose postage for correspondence requiring separate reply, to insure response.

ADVERTISING RATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

Address all letters to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Publication office, 726 Sansom St.

A PREMIUM TO SUBSCRIBERS.

THE POST will send as a premium to every person who sends us $2 00 for one year's subscription in advance, either the magnificent picture of "CHRIST BEFORE PILATE," the size of which is 21 x 28 inches, or the two splendid companion photo-gravures "IN LOVE" and "THE PEACEMAKER." They are printed on heavy toned paper, and are in size 12 x 16 inches each. The subject of the first named "In Love" represents a young couple dressed in the fashion of our grandfathers and grandmothers, sitting under a tree in the garden of an old-time mansion. The maiden is sewing and the lover after the style of the period, is paying her most courteous attention. Everything in the work is full of life and beauty. In the second picture, "The Peacemaker," the couple have plainly had a quarrel. Both pretend to want to part, and at the same time both are evidently glad of the kind offices of a young lady friend who has just come upon the scene, and wishes to have them "make it up." Each picture tells its own story completely, and each is the sequel and complement of the other. Prettier works of art or neater pictures for the ornamentation of a parlor or sitting-room, never came from the hands of an artist.

Remember we send either "Christ Before Pilate," or the *Two* Splendid Companion Photo-gravures "In Love" and "The Peacemaker," all postage paid to each subscriber who sends us $2 00 for THE POST one year.

Remorse.

One of our most brilliant modern authors has called remorse an impure passion. His meaning is obvious; he wishes to express his contempt for a sinner who whimpers when he fears that the consequences of his misdeeds are about to descend upon him—at least, that is how we understand the dark saying.

But, if you are given to resolute thinking, you will not lightly waive remorse away as a thing impure; you are more likely to see that you dealing with a mighty mystery which will tax the best powers you can muster before you can so much as begin to have a glimmer of its meaning.

We may perhaps despise a wretch like the French Louis XV., who was half mad with terror when his fate finally took hold on him and the shadows began to gather. He was deserted by all except his poor neglected daughters and the sisters whom he had treated worse than swine. He called them pigs throughout his life, and they behaved like angels—they alone—when he lay on his loathsome death bed.

He felt himself deserted; he knew that his craven band of robbers had flown far and wide; the backwash of the wave of his wickedness rolled over him from the barrier where it had surged and beaten for so long; and then remorse came upon him, and he moaned for mercy. He died like a dog, he was buried like a dog, and he left a memory that no dog could envy.

Our writer might well talk about the impure passion of remorse in that case; and it would not hard to find others of a similar sort. We need not go to poetry, though Macbeth and Richard III give us awful pictures of ignoble remorse, and the tremendous finish of Othello shows us the noble side of the passion.

We may think of R bespierre as he lay moaning while the dull minutes went by and brought nearer and nearer to the end. He was remorseful—a poltroon, a poor thin-souled murderer, who never had a manly thought, and who spread agony among wives and mothers of the men whom he sent with cold-blooded malice to the slaughter.

Yes, he was remorseful when the mob cursed and the tumbril ground its way to the place of the knife; but who could pity him save the merciful Father whom his presence on this earth had insulted so long? We have hardly a sneer for him now; we prefer to let him and his piteous cries for the mercy he never granted sink into the wholesome oblivion of night.

But, while we have no pity for the scoundrel whose words of remorse are wrung from him by terror, we cannot help seeing that our light scoffer, with the term "impure" and the rest of it, had not thought out the whole matter.

For perhaps, if we come to look closely, we shall find that the remorse of all men by no means utters itself in a kind of mercenary howl; they do not beg favors for themselves; they do not even crave for any favor to be shown in the world to come.

The smart cynic would have seen so much had he given himself the trouble to think; he would have learned that the power working within us is far above all considerations of reward and punishment, and the remorseful man is agonized by the memory of sin simply because the sense of right and wrong was planted in his being, and he bemoans his wrong doing, not to cringe for reward and pardon, but simply and solely because his nature revolts at wrong.

That sounds like a truism, but it brings us back to the position which we have argued again and again—that no man can sin against the law without meeting with punishment, and bitter punishment, in this world.

By the law we do not mean the enactments administered by persons in horse-hair wigs; we refer to that LAW which each one of us bears in his breast, and which exacts punishment inexorably for every evil act that we perform during the days of the years of our pilgrimage.

"Impure!" Look at it coolly, and see what a farcical saying that is. Why, the noblest of souls feels remorse the most keenly! The vilest being that ever trod the earth has a monitor within him that stirs up the memory of his sins and pricks him cruelly; but the vile monster does not suffer as do the noble ones who have fallen in their time into crooked ways.

We must never fail to notice that the human being who feels and shows remorse never has anything to gain by his lapse from reticence; the spirit in him is his master, and he reproaches himself because he must.

It is senseless to say that he wishes to curry favor in the next world, for in countless cases he rushes into that next world by his own act, and with all his sins hot upon him.

When Judas saw what he had done in its true proportions, he was seized by the stern taskmaster that holds dominion over all of us, great or small. He did not cry out for pardon; he sought to divest himself of the fruits of his crime, and, so far from seeking to shrink back from the long wild journey to the shadows, he plunged to the depths of the gulf and sought the Unknown at once.

How few people who read the brief and awful words of the Bible consider the significance of this grim story! Had there been no Power that meets out certain chastisement, Judas would have gone on living; but he had offended against the good, and henceforth his penalties compassed him about until he could stay on earth no longer.

Pure or impure, that man's remorse was an awful fact with awful consequences—consequences that we may well consider with gravity.

Drawing all the skeins of a wide spread argument together, we find ourselves forced to believe that remorse is no more necessarily impure than life is impure or love impure.

One of the conditions on which we live and move and have our being is that we shall answer for the lightest act performed under the sun.

Not a thought or deed is fruitless; those that are seemly and of good report, and inoffensive to the warning guide that dwells in us, bring us happines. But if we infringe the law, then our happiness is at an end, and our stern guide inflicts chastisement upon us until our crime is expiated to some degree.

The balance-sheet of our sins and deeds is kept with rigid accuracy by our Master; we are not deprived of our deserts either for good or for evil. So surely as you sin, so surely shall you suffer. Goodness brings peace, wickedness brings remore.

We require no earthly teacher to point out good and evil to us; the mystic agency that dwells in us from the time we emerge from one eternity abides with us until we plunge into the other eternity; it never errs, it never spares us, and it is never unjust.

NOTHING opens so wide a door to vice, to crime, to evil habits of every description, as the absence of occupation. The downward course of many a promising youth, the ruin of many a hopeful life, may be distinctly traced to the void caused by having nothing definite and positive to do. The faculties must be active, the energies must be at work; and, if not employed for good, they will be for evil.

THE best way of acquiring good manners is by mixing with really refined, agreeable, courteous, clever people. Unconsciously one takes the tone from them, and the lesson is an easy, pleasant one. Of course some people have a charm of manner all their own—they were born with it, it is a gift, just like a sweet voice, but by cultivation it can be made more fascinating.

LOOK on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. The sky is blue ten times when it is black and gloomy once. You have troubles: so have others. None are free from them. Trouble gives courage to man.

I KNOW not why we should delay our tokens of respect to those who deserve them until the heart that our sympathy could have gladdened has ceased to beat. As men cannot read the epitaphs inscribed upon the marble that covers them, so the tombs we erect to virtue often only prove our repentance that we neglected it when with us.

WHILE the boy and girl are yet sprouting into manhood and womanhood they may be a little impatient under restraint; but every after-year of independence will teach the young man and maiden that there were no advantages like those which their parents gave them.

I DON'T subscribe at all to the doctrine of "striving to be cheerful." Let us have a reasonable cheerfulness, and melancholy, too, if there is occasion for it—and no more hypocrisy in life than need be.

CONSCIENCE is like a sun-dial. If you let truth shine upon it, it will point you right; but you may cover it over so that no truth can fall upon it, or you may let false light gleam upon it, and then it will lead you astray if you follow its guidance.

QUICK is the succession of human events; the cares of to day are seldom the cares of to-morrow; and when we lie down at night we may safely say to most of our troubles, "Ye have done your worst; we shall meet no more."

CONCENTRATION is the secret of strength. Trust yourself; every heart vibrates to that iron string.

PRIDE breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.

CONSTANT toil is the law of art, as it is of life, for art is idealized creation.

The World's Happenings.

The Prince of Wales recently appeared in public with yellow waistcoat and green gloves.

A baby that weighed only one and one-half pounds was born in Algona, Ia., recently.

Our postage stamps are counted no less than thirteen times during the process of manufacture.

There are about 640 miles of electric railways in the United States. Kansas leads with 84 miles.

The drain on the wealth of China for the purchase of foreign opium amounts to $30,000,000 yearly.

San Francisco shipped eight Chinese lepers home last week, leaving six—all white—in her hospital.

It is said that the postage stamps of half the nations of the world are engraved and printed in New York.

A Kentucky physician says an epidemic prevailing in that State was introduced by the tornado, which bore the germs.

The oyster is one of the strongest creatures on the earth. The force required to open an oyster is 1300 times its weight.

Dr. Charles T. Parkes, of Chicago, who went to San Francisco to attend a lady having cancer of the face, received a fee of $25,000 and all expenses.

"Lucy," a leopard in Barnum & Bailey's show, recently gave birth to four cubs at Bridgeport, but she has eaten them all up. She breakfasted on the last two a few days ago.

In a prominent bookstore at Hartford, Conn., one may see a sign: "Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals—$1;" and close by another: "Orations and After-Dinner Speeches of Chauncey M. Depew—$2 50."

The fishermen of Ireland now carry oil as a means of smoothing the waves in rough weather, and are thus enabled to continue fishing at times, when otherwise they would be compelled to put for the shore.

A couple of bulky and thoughtless oxen made a dive for a window full of green-house plants in a restaurant at East Jordan, Mich., and before they could be headed off the sidewalk and window were smashed to pieces.

The sum of $55 000 in gold coin was sent from San Bernardino to San Francisco by mail recently as second-class matter at one cent an ounce. An insurance company took a risk on the coin, and the bank saved $150 by using the mail.

A five year old child in Lafayette, N. J., was so deeply affected by the death recently of his grandmother that he cried almost continually thereafter until Sunday, when he burst a blood vessel and died before medical assistance arrived.

An exciting scene took place at a burial in Syracuse, N. Y., the family monument falling, smashing the coffin and precipitating it, the body and pall bearer into the grave. A new coffin was soon obtained, and the corpse buried.

A 14 year old boy living near Eastport, Me., started from his home at 6 o'clock in the morning, walked to Eastport, had three teeth extracted, one filled, attended to several small errands in town and walked home, completing the journey of 23 miles at 3.30 P. M.

We may not produce the greatest philosophers or theologians, but we can claim the proud distinction of using the most soap. For every 100 pounds used in the United States England uses 85; Germany, 83; France, 85; Sweden, 70; Italy, 37; Bulgaria, 35; and Mexico, 27.

Mrs Anna O Brien, known as the "German Giantess," and Fred A. Shields, who belongs to a family of giants, were married in Cincinnati a few days ago. They are about the same height—between 7 and 8 feet. The bride was the widow of Patrick O'Brien, who too was a giant.

Someone broke into the Methodist Church at Owingville, Ky., recently and stole an organ belonging to Frank Agen. M. D., of Baltimore, an evangelist who had been holding nightly meetings there for a week past. Mr. Agden had carried the organ with him through the mountain districts, where they have no music.

A recent decision by the Iowa Supreme Court places the responsibility for the safe transportation and delivery of perishable freight upon the railroads. The case was one concerning the transportation of butter. For want of ice the butter was spoiled. The road disclaimed all responsibility, because it owned no refrigerator cars.

Forepaugh's great combined circus and menagerie has started on its twenty-seventh annual summer tour. This is the most grand, wonderful, instructive and amusing exhibition of its kind the world has ever seen. America is the country of big things, and it has a right to be proud of such a feature in the amusement line as this stupendous aggregation.

A curious accident was witnessed by two Alton, Iowa, citizens the other day. They were going from that place to Sioux Center when a thunderstorm came up. They had noticed an eagle flying quite high in the air, and while watching it a bolt of lightning struck the bird and it fell to the ground. With the exception of a broken wing it was not seriously injured.

To produce sufficient silk to make a dress requires more time and capital than most people would imagine. If we take one and one-quarter pounds as the weight of pure silk required, this would be equal to two pounds of raw silk. To produce two pounds of raw silk would require the entire silk obtained from 7000 to 8000 worms, allowing a percentage for death by disease and other casualties.

There was a strike of moulders at a San Francisco foundry recently, and, as usual pickets were stationed around the place to prevent new men from getting in. The pickets took no notice of a number of dudish-looking fellows, with silk hats and English top coats, who came along and entered the foundry, but they were very mad when they discovered later that the dudes were eight of the best moulders outside the union.

BEAUTY ABOUT THEE.

BY HUNTER MACCULLOCH.

Beauty about thee! At the sunset hour,
When cloud and sky make wonders in the west,
Morning in springtime; the pale blue frailie flower;
The midnight sky in starry raiment dressed;
The wind-tossed woods; the wave-tossed sea;
Beauty about thee eternally!

Beauty about thee! Lo! the moment's glory
Forever fading mocks thy helpless art.
The star and flower have stirred thee with a story
Thy meagre speech is powerless to impart,
Unsexed, untold, forever free;
Beauty about thee eternally!

Diana.

BY CURTIS YORKE.

FEW people were liked better in Dimsford than Miss Hardwicke of the Manor. She was handsome, too, and came of a good old family. Besides all these claims to popularity, she had five thousand a year in her own right.

It was entirely her own fault that at the age of sixty-seven she was still Miss Hardwicke, for her admirers had been legion.

The admirers of single ladies with five thousand a year are, indeed, not far to seek, as a rule; but Clemency Hardwicke in her young days, with her bonnie face, and her warm, impulsive heart, was a bargain no man need have regretted, even had these possessions been her only dower.

People said they wondered at her living alone in the grim-looking Manor—for it was a grim old mansion, though the grounds were fairylike—and a few sage gossips had been heard to predict, with many headshakings, and somewhat vague phraseology, that some day the poor dear old lady would find herself murdered in her bed.

For the Hardwicke diamonds and family plate were famous all over the county, and Miss Hardwicke—being a woman, and therefore self-willed—would not take the advice of her friends and well-wishers, and consign those valuables to the safe-keeping of the bank.

Indeed, to all appearance, the old lady's jewels and plate were the source of much keener anxiety to other people than to their possessor.

"What was the use of the solid old safe let into the wall in the east corridor," she would ask placidly, "if one could not have all one's belongings under one roof?" "At any rate there they remained, secure and unmolested."

On the April night on which my story opens, Miss Hardwicke was in quite an excited frame of mind, for she expected a visitor. Not that visitors were anything unusual at Dimsford Manor; but this visitor was the daughter of Clemency Hardwicke's last surviving male relative, namely, her nephew, James Dare, who had sailed for America twenty years ago, married there, and, quite recently, died there.

His aunt had heard nothing of him since he left England, until the letter arrived—written a few days before his death—begging her to be a friend to his only child Diana.

Miss Hardwicke's heart warmed to this girl whom she had never seen, and she counted the days until her arrival with almost childish impatience and longing.

Diana was not, however—the letter said—to proceed to Dimsford immediately on her arrival in England, but to spend a short time in Southport with a sister of her mother's.

So Miss Hardwicke had been both surprised and delighted on the morning of this April day to receive a telegram from her grand-niece, saying that she had just arrived in Liverpool, and would come straight on to Dimsford, arriving about seven o'clock.

The old lady, therefore, had been busy all day, superintending, with loving care, the arrangement of the pretty rooms which were to be occupied by the homeless stranger.

"So nice of the dear child," she mused, as she slowly paced up and down in the firelight, "to come straight here instead of going to Southport! I wonder if James has talked to me of her. Poor James! He was always a fine warm hearted fellow. I feel I shall love the dear girl."

As she glanced at the time piece for the twentieth time in as many minutes, carriage wheels were heard grinding up the drive, and a few moments afterwards the hang bell clanged loudly. Miss Hardwicke hastened into the hall, trembling with excitement. A tall, erectly-built girl was just entering, muffled in heavy wrappings.

"Auntie!" she exclaimed nervously. "Dear, dear Aunt Clemency." As she spoke she threw herself into the old lady's arms, and sobbed convulsively.

Aunt Clemency's kind heart was utterly taken by storm, and then and there she took the lonely girl into her affections forever. And indeed Diana was very winning and loveable.

She was a handsome girl, too, with well-cut, if rather features, thick brown hair cut short in the then prevailing fashion, and a pair of splendid, heavily-lashed dark eyes. But handsome as she was, her principal charm was her manner. Frank, loving, and impulsive, there was a quaint air of almost boyish audacity about her which was irresistably captivating. She looked quite twenty; but in reality, as her aunt knew, she was only seventeen.

Her conversation was bright and original, and by the time dinner was over Miss Hardwicke felt as though they had known each other for years.

"Am I like my father, do you think, auntie?" Diana asked, as they sat in the drawing-room after dinner.

"Well, dear" replied the old lady, "I can hardly tell. It is so long since I saw your poor father. But there is a look in your eyes that reminds me of what he was a boy."

"I had a splendid portrait of my father," went on Diana, lifting her clear dark eyes to her aunt's "and letters, and papers, and that. But do you know I lost the bag they were in, on board the steamer, or between the docks and railway-station at Liverpool, I was provoked, because," with a winsome little smile, "I didn't know if you would take a strange niece on her own credentials."

"My dear!" said her aunt, deprecatingly.

"I came over with such a queer girl," went on Diana, looking dreamily into the fire. "I quite liked her at first. She had soft dark eyes, something like yours and a pretty, confiding kind of manner. She wasn't bad-looking, if she hadn't had a deep scar right across her left eyebrow. She said she had fallen and cut it when a child. Well, at first we were great friends, and quite confidential. I told her I was coming here to you, and all that, and then she told me about herself. She said she was quite alone in the world, and was going to be—let me see—I think she said an actress."

Miss Hardwicke looked very grave.

"My dear child," she remonstrated, "what a most objectionable acquaintance for you! I hope and trust that you——"

"Wait a minute, auntie," interrupted the girl, laughing. "By-and-bye we had a kind of row" (certainly Diana's expressions were a little strong) "because—well, I went into my cabin, which was a little one I had all to myself, and found her with my bag open—the one I lost afterwards—turning over all my papers. I got mad, and said some rather rude things: and she cried and told some fearful lies, which of course didn't deceive me. So we were rather cool after that. But it struck me as odd that that bag should disappear, because it had all my spare money in it. You see, I never used to lock up things, but I will, after this."

"Quite right," said Miss Hardwicke impressively. "We must never put temptation in a fellow-creature's way. And, my dear, you should not enter into conversation with strangers. A young girl cannot be too careful in travelling alone. I have no doubt she was some low, dishonest creature, whose object from the first was to steal the money," concluded the old lady, with undoubted uncharitableness.

"Do you think she took it, then?" asked the girl wonderingly.

"My dear, I think there is but little doubt of it."

"I guess you wouldn't have thought that if you could have seen her," said Diana, shaking her head thoughtfully. "She was such a sweet innocent-looking little thing! And yet it seemed queer, too."

"But, Diana," said Aunt Clemency in anxious tones, "I hope you had enough money to bring you comfortably here?"

"Well, I hadn't much," returned the girl, frankly. "But I got along. I say, auntie," she went on after a minute or two, "you weren't vexed at my coming straight here instead of going, as I ought to have done, to see my mother's people, were you? You see," with a wistful upward look, "father had talked so much of you, and I felt lonely, and so—and so—I came! Somehow," in a very low voice, "I felt it would be more like coming home."

The old lady colored with pleasure.

"Vexed, my dear?" she replied. "Most certainly not. I am only too glad to learn you were prepared to love your old auntie. I hope you won't find it very dull here. Though, to be sure, there are plenty of nice young people within walking and driving distance," she added reflectively.

"Oh, I don't care much about young people, observed Diana. "Poor father and I were always together, you know; and we hadn't many friends."

A long conversation followed, regarding the girl's home life in America, and her passionate love for her dead father. All so simply and touchingly told, that the old lady's eyes overflowed more than once. Then there was a long silence, broken abruptly by Diana.

"Whose portrait is that?" she asked, pointing to a photograph frame which stood on the mantelpiece.

"That is my godson, Chester Lennox," returned Miss Hardwicke, with some pride. "He is a barrister, very clever, and the dearest fellow in the world."

Diana took down the frame, and gazed at the portrait attentively. It represented a young man with a quiet clever-looking face, a dark mustache, and keen, rather deep-set eyes.

"Does he ever come here?" the girl asked, as she carefully replaced the frame again.

"Yes, often. I expect he may be down next week."

"Did he know I was coming?"

"Why, yes, my dear, of course. He quite looks forward to knowing you."

"Perhaps he won't like me," observed Diana gravely.

"He is sure to like you," returned the old lady, leaning back in her chair with a little smile.

"You remind me of some old picture, Aunt Clemency," said the girl softly, after a pause, turning her great eyes almost reverently on her companion, "with your black velvet gown and soft lace cap, and your lovely dark eyes and white hair. Ah, forgive me for being so blunt," she added quickly. "We Americans are blunt, you know."

But the old lady blushed and looked pleased at her niece's outspoken admiration. She thought the girl looked like a picture herself, as she sat there with her flushed cheeks and shining eyes. Soon after this both ladies went to bed. But Miss Hardwicke was far too excited to sleep for some time. Indeed, she lay awake half the night thinking what an exquisite arrangement it would be if by-and-bye her godson and this charming young girl were to fall in love with and marry each other. And how, in that case, she would persuade them to make their home at the Manor, and would insist on doubling Chester's income—that is to say, if that somewhat difficult young man would listen to reason.

"Poor Chester," she thought compassionately; "he works so hard, and is so foolishly proud about money matters. Very likely, while I am comfortably in bed, he is sitting wearily studying those dreadful law-books, and wearing himself to death, poor fellow."

As a matter of fact, Chester Lennox was at that precise moment attending a convivial meeting at his club, with other choice spirits like unto himself—which meeting did not break up until an advanced hour in the morning. But his godmother, dear innocent soul, did not know this; so she continued her benevolent plans for the lightening of his arduous duties, and for his transformation into a Benedict, with an earnestness which would have amused him mightily could he have divined her thoughts. And as Aunt Clemency lay drowsily in the firelight, her thoughts hurried further and further into the future. Children's voices seemed to sound in the silent corridors; children's eyes smiled into hers. And then Miss Hardwicke fell asleep.

As the days went on the affection between aunt and niece became more firmly cemented than ever. Diana, if a little brusque in her manner at times, was a most intelligent and fascinating companion; and such of the elite of Dimsford who had called at the Manor since her arrival were pleased to observe that "she was a charming, unaffected girl."

She had accompanied her aunt to one or two of the rather ponderous "social evenings" given by some of their nearest neighbors, and had looked exceedingly handsome and distinguished. Of course, as Diana was still in deep mourning for her father, she attended no more lively entertainments than decorous tea parties and the like. The girls all declared her "a dear," but—and at this they could not but marvel and try to feel indignant—she had not been much sought after by any of the young men at those gatherings. This, however, seemed to trouble her not at all. She liked girls twice as well as men, she declared; they were far better fun.

When Diana had been nearly three weeks at the Manor, Chester Lennox arrived. He was a tall, well made young man, very like his portrait, with a pleasant voice, and a smile which, if it was rare, was attractive enough when it did come to make one regret its rarity. He did not betray any excessive admiration of Diana; indeed, much to his godmother's disappointment, he did not affect her society all. Perhaps the girl felt his defection, for at first she seemed less gay and unconstrained in his presence, and rarely addressed him voluntarily. But this soon wore off, and she treated him in an off hand cavalier fashion which annoyed him, and boded ill for the old lady's plans.

"What do you think of her, Chester?" asked Miss Hardwicke one afternoon, a few day's after her godson's arrival, when Diana had gone to her room to write some letters.

"She is a handsome girl," he answered carelessly. "Rather free and easy in her manners, isn't she?"

"Oh, but in America girls are brought up differently, you know," Miss Hardwicke hastened to say in deprecating tones.

"Are they?" he answered drily. "They are brought up as ladies, I hope?"

"Why, Chester, of course. What do you mean?"

"Well," he said, carefully knocking the ash off his cigar (they were walking up and down the open space in front of the terrace), "I may be rather old-fashioned in my ideas, but I cordially detest fast, masculine girls, and I think Miss Dare is at times the reverse of ladylike. For one thing, I happened to come down the east corridor a little way behind her this morning, when she suddenly caught her gown on the heel of her shoe, and nearly measured her length on the floor. Hastening to her assistance, I was petrified by hearing her use language which from the lips of a man would have been—well—strong to say the least of it; but from a lady, was simply appalling. I never was so taken aback in my life. Of course she blushed and stammered some excuse, but, by Jove, that sort of thing takes a good deal of excusing."

Miss Hardwicke looked troubled and uneasy.

"Yes, I remember I once did hear her say—er—'confound it,'" she said, unwillingly; "but she seemed so sorry and ashamed directly, and explained that it was a bad habit she had got into, and that her poor father had frequently used these expressions. She promised not to do it again."

"It was not 'confound it' she said upon this occasion," observed Mr. Lennox calmly. "Nothing at all like it. Another thing, by the way. I found her in the stable-yard yesterday, laughing and joking in the most familiar with Jorkins" (Jorkins). "Now," continued the young man seriously, "if—er—she doesn't know what good-breeding is, I think it is high time some one gave her a hint."

"You have taken a dislike to her, Chester," said his godmother, with a little sigh. "And I had hoped—had thought of your marrying her."

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated Lennox hastily; "I had as soon marry a circus rider!"

At this moment Diana herself, dressed for walking, came down the steps from the terrace, her hands in the pockets of the short dress she wore, her hat looking as though it had been pitched on anyhow, and her pretty lips puckered into an unmistakable whistle. And what was more, the air she whistled savoured much more of the music hall than of the drawing-room.

"My dear!" exclaimed the old lady, aghast. Not at the air she whistled, or its associations, but because the fact of a lady's whistling at all shocked her inexpressibly. Lennox's face expressed distinct, if polite disapproval; and seeing this, Miss Dare took her hands out of her pockets, ceased whistling, and linked her arm lovingly in her aunt's.

"Ah, auntie, I am a sad tom-boy, I fear! Do tell me when I transgress the bounds of English young-ladyhood. You know," with a little sigh, "I have not had the advantage of most girls. Mr. Lennox," turning her great dark eyes towards him, "I know you are often shocked at my ways. Please don't hesitate to tell me when I say or do anything very dreadful."

Mr. Lennox replied somewhat stiffly, that he should not think of taking such a liberty, and raising his cap slightly, turned off in the direction of the gardens. Hardly had the echo of his footsteps on the gravelled walks died away, when a carriage was seen coming rapidly up the avenue.

To Miss Hardwicke's surprise, the vehicle seemed to be loaded with luggage. It stopped at the hall door, and a slight girlish figure in mourning got out. After a second or two one of the servants came forward, looking rather bewildered.

"Please ma'am," he said hesitatingly,

addressing Miss Hardwicke, "this young lady says she is Miss Dare, and that you expect her."

"What?" exclaimed his mistress, in amazement.

Diana clasped her aunt's arm.

"Auntie!" she whispered breathlessly, "it is that girl—the one I told you of! The girl who travelled in the steamer with me."

"What incredible, what barefaced assurance!" uttered Miss Hardwicke. And quivering with indignation she advanced towards the new-comer, who was leisurely paying the cabmen, but who, seeing the old lady approach, took a few steps towards her, and looked nervously and hesitatingly from her to Diana.

Miss Hardwicke bowed stiffly, and waited.

"Aunt Clemency, is it not?" said the girl with an appearance of timidity.

"I do not understand you, I fear," replied the old lady, with much dignity.

"But, aunt, I am your niece, Diana Dare," said the stranger in faltering tones.

Miss Hardwicke turned to the flyman, who was assisting to remove the luggage.

"Let those boxes remain where they are," she said. Then to the new-comer, she went on icily:

"There must be some mistake, I think. This young lady, laying her hand on Diana's arm, "is my niece, Miss Dare."

The girl's face flushed, then turned deadly pale, and the scar Diana had spoken of stood out distinctly against her fair skin.

"Do you not remember me?" said Diana, with an accent of compassion in her fresh young voice, and a shocked, troubled look in her eyes.

"I—I never saw you before," stammered the other in evident confusion.

But Miss Hardwicke had heard enough.

"You need not try to impose upon me, you shameless woman!" she exclaimed, excitedly. "I know who you are, and all about you! Go at once or I shall send for the constable to remove you!"

The stranger looked considerably taken aback; then said in indignant tones:

"Certainly I shall go. I have no wish to intrude where I am not wanted. Good afternoon, madam." And with a slight bow she got into the fly again, and was driven rapidly away.

During dinner Mr. Lennox was informed of this barefaced attempted imposture, and reproved Miss Dare gravely for having allowed herself to talk over and confide her family affairs with an utter stranger. Indeed his remarks upon the subject were so graphic and eloquent, that at their conclusion poor Diana, to her aunt's dismay, was discovered to be in tears.

"Oh, do forgive me, aunt," she sobbed hysterically. "I never thought of doing any harm. She seemed so friendly and innocent. I see now how very, foolish I was." Then rising abruptly, she hurried from the room. Miss Hardwicke glanced at her godson reproachfully, and that gentleman himself looked rather uncomfortable.

Diana did not appear in the drawing-room for some time, and was very quiet and subdued all the rest of the evening.

Chester did his best to make up for what he felt had been uncalled for harshness, but without avail.

"You must forgive me," he said, quite touched by her evident dejection. "I did not mean to vex you so deeply. I spoke hastily and perhaps a little unjustly."

"Oh, you were quite right," she answered with a little sigh. She was sitting on a low chair near the fire; her hands clasped in her lap. She despised fancy-work of all kinds, and possessed the art of sitting perfectly idle in an easy and picturesque manner.

Chester was certainly not in love with her; nevertheless, he could not but acknowledge that, if a little wanting in womanly grace and gentleness, she was, notwithstanding these deficiencies, a strikingly handsome young creature. And he had never seen her look so womanly as she did to-night.

When Miss Hardwicke awoke from her usual after-dinner nap, she proposed that—in accordance with a promise which it appeared she had made Diana some time ago—the famous diamonds should be unearthed from the safe, and brought downstairs.

Accordingly Chester was intrusted with the key, and one of the servants summoned to assist him in bringing down the brass bound box containing the jewels.

They certainly were splendid diamonds, and as case after case was opened and their contents flashed and scintillated in the lamplight, Diana drew a deep breath of admiration.

"Oh, auntie, they are matchless—magnificent!" the astonished girl said in a low voice; "I have often heard my father speak of them, but I never dreamt they were anything like that."

The old lady was pleased at the evident impression her treasures created.

"Come here, my dear," she said with a loving smile. And making the girl kneel before her, she clasped the superb necklet round the slender throat, and insisted on trying the effect of the whole suite.

Even Chester uttered an involuntary expression of intense admiration at the result.

Diana's cheeks were flushed to a deep pink, her splendid eyes shone like stars under their thick lashes. The fiery jewels gleamed in her hair, in her ears, on waist, neck, arms, and fingers, contrasting effectively with the flimsy black gown she wore, and flashing out quivering rays of light like a thousand fireflies. She looked like some eastern queen.

When the diamonds were again consigned to their velvet beds, Chester, at his godmother's request, took them upstairs again. Diana, who had quite recovered her usual good spirits, begged to be allowed to accompany him.

"I will help to carry the box," she said, laughing; "and besides, I do so want to see the inside of that safe. You know, auntie, you said I might."

"What a curious key! said Diana, watching attentively as Chester fitted it into the lock. "You have to press a little knob somewhere above, haven't you, before the key turns?"

"Yes," said Chester, smiling. "Who told you?"

"Auntie told me. She said no one knew the secret of it but herself and you. But as I am one of the family, she told me too." And Diana nodded her head with a pretty air of importance.

As she spoke the door of the safe swung slowly back, and Chester stepped in. The safe itself was let into the wall, and was about the size of a very small room. All the Hardwicke plate, except that in daily use, was ranged methodically on the shelves which lined the walls, and muffled in chamois leather bags. The box containing the jewels had a special corner for itself.

Chester, having deposited the box in its corner, turned to his companion, who still stood in the corridor.

"Would you like to come in?" he said, holding out his hand, and feeling really vexed with himself for his unreasonable prejudice against this lovely girl, who seemed to try so hard, at times, to be gentle and conventional. "Take care. Neither you nor I can stand upright here."

Diana entered cautiously, for the ceiling was low, and Chester exerted himself so far as to unroll from their wrappings the curiously-chased punch-bowls, flagons, candle-sticks, &c., and to relate the many quaint legends concerning them, which had descended, like the plate itself, through countless countless generations. Diana was deeply interested; but the lock, with its concealed spring and curious action, seemed to take her fancy almost more than anything. She made Lennox show her the working of the spring again and again, and thanked him very prettily as they went slowly down the staircase together. And he, strangely-constituted young man, felt obdurately conscious that in spite of her beauty and winsome ways he certainly did not like her.

At least—well, he was not quite sure. And Diana, naughty Diana, was smiling mischievously. Why?

For two days after the "diamond show," as Diana called it, her aunt noticed that she always made a point of meeting the postman, morning and evening, at the foot of the avenue. On the third day she entered the morning-room just after breakfast with rather a heightened color, and with an open letter in her hand.

Miss Hardwicke was alone, Chester having gone round to the stables. Diana handed her aunt a small bundle of letters, then nervously twisting the paper she held, she said in a low voice:

"Auntie, may I speak to you about something?"

"Certainly, my dear. You need not have to ask that, I should think. What is it, child?"

The girl hesitated, then said frankly:

"I have something to tell you, auntie. Something I ought to have told you before."

Miss Hardwicke looked vaguely alarmed.

"Well dear?" she said anxiously.

"I—I ought to have told you before now," stammered the girl, "that—that I have a lover—that I am engaged to be married?"

The old lady did not speak for a few moments. She was conscious of a keen pang of disappointment; for she thought she had observed an alteration in her godson's manner to the wayward Diana during the last few days, and had hoped great things. For was not that love the most lasting that began with "a little aversion"?

Then a sudden hope inspired her.

"My dear," leaning eagerly forward, "is it—is it Chester?"

"Chester?" repeated Diana. Then the excitable girl burst into a wild peal of hysterical laughter. "Oh, forgive me, she gasped, controlling herself with an effort. "But I could not help thinking how disgusted poor Mr. Lennox would be if you suggested that he even admired me! Oh, no. He—my lover—his name is Clarence Lorimer. He is a good bit older than I am, and," shyly, "very fond of me. Father liked him."

Miss Hardwicke's interest was aroused. "My nephew approved of the engagement, then?" she said. "But, Diana, why did you not tell me before?"

"We agree to keep it a secret," said the girl simply, "until Clarence could make a home for me. Father thought it best. But I just had this letter from him, in which he says—— But please read it, auntie,"

"Oh, my dear," said the old lady, much pleased, "but—Mr. Lorimer? Will he like that?"

"Oh, yes. I've told him all about you, and how very good you have been to me.",

So Miss Hardwicke put on her spectacles, and read Diana's love-letter. It was a tender, manly epistle, and sensible withal. Miss Hardwicke felt sure she should like the writer.

"You sly little puss!" she said, as she folded it up. "So that was the reason you always met the postman." Then after a minute, "Diana, do you think Mr. Lorimer would care to come here for a little time? He would find it quiet, of course, for Chester leaves us in a few days; but," mischievously, "perhaps you could manage to amuse him, eh?"

Diana's face flushed with pleasure.

"Oh, auntie, do you mean it?"

Of course my dear. You are my child now; and where should you receive your affianced husband if not here?

He is in Liverpool, he says, does he not? I shall write a little note for you to enclose in yours. My dear, dear child, I trust you may be very happy." And the old lady drew the girl into her arms, and kissed her.

Diana's fiance wrote to say he would be delighted to visit Dimsford Manor; and he arrived within twenty-four hours after the letter.

He was a tall, powerfully-built man of about forty; dark, and of a rather coarse expression of countenance. Lennox mentally set him down as a "cad"; and even Miss Hardwicke felt a strong shock of disappointment, and sighed as she contrasted him with her distinguished looking godson.

I may as well acknowledge, by the way, that the latter made himself as disagreeable to the new-comer as a gentleman can be without ceasing to be a gentleman.

But Mr. Lorimer did not seem to resent this at all; indeed, it appeared to amuse him rather than otherwise. He had an oily, suave manner, too, peculiarly aggravating to Chester, who, for his part, wondered what any girl could see in the fellow. Not that he had the slightest feeling of jealousy in the matter; on the contrary, in spite of his late efforts to "do the polite" to Diana, he felt himself more unaccountably repelled by that young lady than ever. Nor did the following little scene tend to increase his respect for her.

One warm sunny afternoon he came upon the enraged pair in the lonely part of the wood. They did not see him, and continued their conversation uninterrupted.

He observed, to his disgust, that Diana was smoking—not a cigarette, as he knew she frequently did, sub rosa—but a very well-flavored cigar. She was apparently enjoying it, too, as, seated on the grass, she leaned against a tree, with her arms folded, and her hat tilted over her eyes, apparently listening attentively to what her fiance was saying.

Suddenly she removed the cigar from her rosy lips, and made some remark, of course inaudible to Chester, which seemed to amuse Mr. Lorimer mightily. He burst into a roar of laughter, and slapping his future bride heartily on the shoulder, exclaimed in tones of keen enjoyment, "Good, for you, little one! By Jove—good, for you!"

The unseen spectator of this lover like scene curled his lip contemptuously. If Diana had been easy-going and fast before Mr. Lorimer's arrival, she was ten times worse now. Nay, at times she positively seemed to go out of her way to do and say the most unladylike things.

For instance, in coming down stairs that very morning, Chester had seen her chuck Eliza Jane—the pretty waiting maid—under the chin, with a sly wink which would not have done discredit to a British dragon; much to that damsel's indignation.

Poor Diana, by the way, was not a favorite with the servants at the Manor, who considered her "no lady," principally because she scoffed at the idea of a lady's maid, and kept all her belongings scrupulously under lock and key.

The "fast" young lady was just coming into vogue at the time of which I write, and the type had always aroused Chester's supreme and unmitigated contempt. But Diana carried it a shade further than any woman he knew. Even this cad, it appeared, did not respect her, Lennox thought scornfully.

He was turning away in haughty disgust, wondering how his gentle refined godmother could be so infatuated with his pronounce niece, when a remark in Diana's clear distinct tones arrested him.

It was only the first words he heard; the rest was in a low rapid undertone. Whatever their import was, it drove the blood away from Chester Lennox's face, and he deliberately leaned against a tree, and—listened!

That night at dinner Lennox said carelessly, addressing his godmother:

"I have to go up to town in the morning Have you any commissions for me?"

"Yes, my dear, I think so. I will make out a little list of some things I want, if you will be so good as to get them for me. When shall you return?" she went on.

"On the day after to-morrow," he answered. "I have rather a particular engagement to-morrow night."

"It will be horribly slow without you," said Diana, with a little shake of her close-cropped head.

"Will it?" said Mr. Lennox, disagreeably and curtly. "I must hope to make it more lively for you on my return."

Next morning Mr. Lennox took his departure by the early train. Diana, having got up an hour earlier than her wont, poured out the coffee for him, and waved her handkerchief from the doorstep as he drove down the avenue. The first of which attentions the recipient acknowledged very ungraciously, and the last, not at all.

The day passed as usual. Miss Hardwicke retired early, having a slight cold; and Diana brought her a tumbler of hot port wine negus, after the old lady was in bed. She fancied her niece looked pale and tired. Certainly she was unusually silent.

Shortly after two o'clock, when the old house was wrapped in sleep and silence, a little group of four men quietly skirted the laurels of the east side of the house, and took up their position in the shadowed corner of a heavy buttress, near the window of the morning-room.

The watch-dog, which was always loosed at night, began to bark wildly, then became suddenly silent. In the hush that followed, one of the men gave a low, peculiar whistle. He was standing just under the morning room window, his figure but dimly visible in the pale starlight. His companions remained like statues in the deep shadow.

In a few moments the window was cautiously opened—it was low, barely four feet from the ground—and a hoarse voice whispered:

"Is all right? Have you fixed the dog? It's deuced dark. Turn on your lantern."

"All' right. Be quick,'t was the almost inaudible reply from below.

"Catch, then."

Whereupon three good-sized bags were handed out, slowly and carefully—for they appeared to be very heavy—and were silently received and deposited on the ground by the man outside. Then, one after the other, two figures, a man's and a woman's, swung themselves noiselessly from the window. But ere their feet touched the ground, the man who awaited them raised his hand, and almost simultaneously his hitherto motionless and unseen companions sprang forward, and surrounding the descending couple, in less than half a minute handcuffed them both securely.

The light of a bull's eye lantern, which was immediately levelled on their faces, showed the man to be Clarence Lorimer, and the woman—Diana Dare.

An awful oath burst from Lorimer's lips.

"It's all up, Bill," he muttered, addressing his fiance, who was struggling fiercely, and making use of the most appalling language.

"As neat a job as ever I managed," remarked the man who had whistled, and who was, in fact, a spry-looking detective from Scotland Yard. "And we have to thank you, Mr. Lennox, for the capture of a gang of as thoroughgoing scoundrels as we've had our eye on for a long time—father, son, and pal."

"Oh, you're a wily one, you are!" one of the constables was saying admiringly to Lorimer. "But you're not quite so wily as you ought to be. We've naubed your pal, too. You'll find him waiting for you where you're going.

"Sure, but it's the pretty gurl ye make, Bill," the other constable was saying with a grin to his prisoner. "By the powers, now, I'd almost like to kiss ye meself. It was a forlorn widow you were the last time, wasn't it?"

Here Lennox, who had been interchanging a few rapid words with the detective, turned to "Diana," who was regarding him with panting breath, and vengeful eyes.

"My good boy," he said drily, spare us any more bad language. Yours was a splendid scheme, and admirably carried out—so far. But, Mr. Bill Davis, or whatever your own name may be, next time you and your father have any little game of the kind on hand, let me advise you, merely as a precaution, not to discuss your plans in the open air, unless you are sure there is no one within hearing."

Then, turning to the constable's he continued, "Take the fellows round to the hall-door, men. I will climb in here, and open it for you."

As he spoke he swung himself up to the window-sill in the semi darkness, and disappeared into the room. The constables obeyed, and conveying their prisoners with their precious booty into the house, watched them with grim vigilance until the morning.

No words can express Miss Hardwicke's speechless incredulous dismay, when she awoke from her drugged sleep and heard her godson's tale.

At first she absolutely refused to believe in the treachery of the girl whom she had loved so warmly, and who now turned out to be no girl at all.

She insisted on rising at once; and commanded that the prisoners should not be removed until she had seen them.

"I won't believe it, Chester," she said piteously, as he gave her his arm downstairs. "I can't believe it, unless she tells me herself. A boy!" hysterically. "Oh, it is impossible!"

The ci-devant Diana, otherwise Mr. Bill Davis, was seated sullenly on the table in the morning room. At the sight of the handcuffs on the shapely white wrists, Miss Hardwicke's lips trembled.

"Is it—is it true what they tell me?" the old lady faltered, looking wistfully at the handsome, averted face, "that—that you are—that man's son?"

There was a pause, then the boy raised his head.

"Yes," he answered huskily, "it is quite true. I've deceived you all along. We met the girl, your niece, on board the steamer; and the little fool told me all her history, and about you, and—you know the rest. Of course that day she came here she didn't recognise me in women's clothes, and—I kept back back all the letters that came after wards from Southport. You—you've been mortally kind to me, and—and——" Here the boy stopped, bit his lip violently, and threw back his head.

"Shut up, you young fool," growled his worthy father.

"Take me away, Chester," said the old lady faintly.

I will only add that in the course of a few days the poor little bona fide Diana (who had gone back to her mother's friends) was brought by Mr. Lennox, after many explanations and apologies, back to Dimsford.

But Miss Hardwicke did not "take" to her as she had done to her clever personator, and met all the girl's half-shy advances with a cold reluctant kindness, mentally contrasting her pale little face and slight figure with the splendid physique and beautiful though deceitful eyes of the other Diana. Nor did she cease to remind her

that if she had not forgotten herself so far as to "strike up an acquaintance"—such was the old lady's phrase—with a strange young man on board a steamer, all this trouble would have been avoided.

However, if Miss Hardwicke did not appreciate her grand-niece, it is satisfactory to know that Mr. Chester Lennox infinitely preferred her to her predecessor.

Indeed, he showed his predilection so strongly that he ultimately prevailed upon her to marry him, from which we may conclude that the attraction was mutual. But—they did not reside at Dimsford Manor.

THE FOLKLORE OF FIRE.

THE GIFT of fire, of all the gifts which a bountiful Creator has bestowed on mankind, is perhaps the most useful; This being so, it is one of the most natural things in the world that in early days, when everything was a subject of amazement and nothing seemed commonplace, fire gave raise to a great deal of folklore. Its mysterious origin and varied powers were subjects which the popular fancy seemed never weary of dwelling upon.

As to how fire first became known to the inhabitants of the earth there is a Persian tradition that it was discovered by Hushenk, a powerful hero, in an encounter with a dragon. He hurled a huge stone at the monster, but it missed the mark, struck a rock, and so was broken in pieces. "Light shone from the dark pebble, the heart of the rock flashed out in glory, and fire was seen for the first time in the world."

The blacks of Gippsland, in the colony of Victoria, tell that fire was brought to earth by a man who was changed into a bird. Fire was then in possession of two women who detested the blacks. A man friendly disposed to them stole it when the women's backs were turned, and was changed into "a little bird with a red mark on its tail, which is the mark of fire."

Another Australian legend has it that fire was stolen by the hawk from the bandicoot and given to men. In a third it is said that a man held his spear to the sun and so got a light, which reminds one of the classical tale of how Prometheus brought to earth the torch he had lighted at the sun's chariot.

The golden or fire-crested wren is said in Brittany to have been the fire-bringer. We mention when writing about birds that the ancients held the wren in great veneration as the heavenly messenger that brought fire to the earth, though it disputed this honor with the eagle.

One of the primitive races of North America has a tradition that fire was originally stolen by animals from the cuttle fish. The Dakotas assert that their ancestors obtained fire from the sparks which a friendly panther struck with his sharp claws as it scampered over a stony hillside.

The reverence shown at the present day to fire in many parts of the world carries us back to the old time when fire was looked upon as a divinity, and every hearth was an altar. In many places it is held that nothing unclean should be thrown into it. To spit in one's fire is an unpardonable offence in Albania. Fire is held to be so sacred by some of the inhabitants of Russian Turkestan that they will not even blow out a light for fear of rendering the flame impure with their breath.

The fire is the central point of family life. In fact, in the distant past, says M. Elie Reclus, "The family, as it is called nowadays, developed itself after the human couple and their children had their own fireplace and not before."

The hearth is woman's special sphere, and we find some odd notions connecting her with the fire, over which she presides as the guardian angel.

When a bride returns from church in some parts of Germany, upon entering her new home, she bows to the fire, walks thrice round it, burns three of her hairs, and then binds a red string round her body.

A safe haven for scolds was pointed out to the traveller Pallas when he was amongst the Mongols of Central Asia.

A woman, he was told, might indulge in the vilest abuse and insult, and no one would dare to touch her, so long as she stood between the bed and the fireplace.

The Deity was adored in the country at one time under the image of fire. Traces of this worship long existed in the form of the Beltane celebration, which was held every year on the first of May.

The name Beltane is made up of bel, the Celtic god of light, and tin, meaning fire.

Similar festivals took place at midsummer and in the beginning of November.

The earliest notice of Beltane dates from the beginning of the tenth century, and we learn from it that it was the custom to kindle two fires quite close together. Between these fires both men and cattle were driven under the belief that health was in that way promoted, and the disease charmed away.

These superstitious fires were observed in Ireland about the close of the eighteenth century by a clergyman during his visit to that country.

"At the house where I was entertained," he says, "in the summer of 1782, it was told me that we should see at midnight the most singular sight in Ireland, which was the lighting of fires in honor of the sun. Accordingly, exactly at midnight the fires began to appear, and taking the advantage of going up to the heads of the house, which had a widely extended view, I saw on a radius of thirty miles all around, the fires burning on every eminence which the country afforded. I had a further satisfaction in learning from undoubted authority that the people danced round the fires, and at the close went through the fires, and made their sons and daughters, together with their cattle, pass through the fire; and the whole was conducted with religious solemnity."

Until quite a recent period bonfires were lighted on Midsummer Eve in the northern parts of England and Wales. The first of November was devoted by the ancient Welsh to fire-worship, and in the Highlands of Scotland bonfires at Hallowe'en were long a recognized institution.

Fire has been often used by the superstitious to expel the demons of sickness. The Australian sorcerer in cases of accident touches with fire the part that is injured. The fire cure in Patagonia is to throw burning brands into the air, accompanied by the discharge of guns and revolvers. When children are ill in Turkestan they are made to jump over burning fires, and are struck on the back seven times, whilst with every stroke the demon is ordered to "come out!" "begone to the sea!" and "Hurry off to the desert!"

For warding off and curing diseases amongst cattle, fire has been extensively employed in Europe. It was supposed effectually to defeat the sorcery to which the disease was assigned. The fire for this purpose was obtained by the primitive method of rubbing wood against wood, or by the friction of a rope against a stake. Fire struck from metal was supposed not to have the requisite virtue, and in some instances the person who performed the ceremony were required to divest themselves of any metal which might be about them.

In a Mecklenburg village some time ago there was a murrain amongst the cattle. To charm it away the authorities ordered a wild fire to be lit. For two hours they tried in vain to obtain a spark, but the want of success was set down to neither the greenness of the wood nor to the dampness of the air, but to the contrariness of an old lady who, disbelieving in the superstition, refused to extinguish her night lamp. It seems that to be of any service the wild fire must burn alone. At last the old lady was induced to give in and fire was obtained. It must, however, have been of bad quality, for it did not put a stop to the murrain.

When disease came to cut off the pigs in Switzerland in places on the Continent, the wild fire was also often kindled. It had to be lit by married men; bachelors for the purpose were of no use at all. Similar practices are still followed by the shepherds in the mountainous districts of France, and it is not so long since they became extinct in the Highlands of Scotland.

Extraordinary notions have been held regarding the information as to the future to be derived by keeping a watchful eye on the fire. The ancient Greeks and Romans were great believers in this sort of prophetic business. If the flames did not crackle, but burned silently in a pyramidal form, the omen was held to be favorable. Sometimes they threw pitch on the fire, and if it blazed up immediately it was looked on as a lucky sign.

Omen-mongers of modern times, who see as much in the fire as ever the ancients did, are referred to by Defoe in his "Memoirs of Duncan Campbell." "They perceive," he says, "swords, guns, castles, churches, prisons, coffins, wedding ring, bags of money, men and women, or whatever they wish or fear, plainly deciphered in the glowing coals."

When a hollow cinder is thrown out of the fire by a jet of gas from burning coals, it is looked on as a coffin if it be long in shape, but if it be round it is a money-purse. Readers of "The Vicar of Wakefield" will remember how the vicar's daughters—the wish father to the thought—"saw rings in the candle, purses bounced from the fire, and true love-knots lurked in the bottom of every teacup."

A flake of soot hanging at the bars of the grate denotes the visit of a stranger, and he is believed to be coming from the part of the country nearest the soot.

The hands were clapped close to the flake of soot, and if the current produced blew it off at the first clap, the stranger was said to be coming that very day. If the second clap blew it off, he was coming the day after, and so on.

When the fire suddenly blazed up it was held to be another warning of a stranger being near. The sudden breaking out of flame from an almost dead fire betokened joy.

The popular superstition regarding the falling of salt towards any person extends also to fire. The latter is to be taken as ominous of evil; he or she will soon suffer from the effects of anger.

In Lancashire young people lightly stir the fire with the poker to test the humor of their lovers. If the fire blazes bright the lover is good humored, if not he is "cross as two sticks."

Another superstitious practice in Lancashire is to throw a person's hair on the fire with a view to finding out whether he will live long. If it burns brightly it is held to be a sure sign that the individual will reach a good old age. The brighter the flame the longer the life.

It used to be thought a fatal omen if a fire died out on the hearth. In Lancashire it is held that if any householder's fire does not burn through the night of New Year's Eve, it betokens bad luck for all the ensuing year.

In Yorkshire the unlucky day for letting a light be taken out of the house appears to be Christmas Day.

To the folklore of the weather our fires contribute a considerable number of items. These are amongst the "Nature's Secrets" disclosed by Willsford. When, he says, our common fires burn with a pale flame they presage foul weather.

If the fire makes a buzzing noise it is a sign of tempests near at hand. When the fire sparkles very much it is a sign of rain. When pots are newly taken off the fire if they sparkle (the soot upon them being aflame) it presages rain.

When the fire scorches and burns more vehemently than usual it is a sign of frosty weather; but if the live coals shine brighter than ordinary at other times rain may be looked for.

If wood or any other fuel crackles and emits wind more than ordinary, it is an evident sign of tempestuous weather near at hand; and the sudden and plentiful falling of soot heralds rain.

"A very popular charm," says Mr. Dyer, "for reviving a fire when it has burned down, is to set the poker across the hearth, with the forepart leaning against the top bar of the grate. The poker and the top bar thus combined form a cross, and so defeat the malice of the witches and demons who preside over smoky chimneys.

One notion is that the poker when in this position creates a draught, but the real meaning of this harmless superstition is, perhaps, the one we have just given."

Candles have many superstitions connected with them. The "fungous parcels," as Sir Thomas Browne calls them, about the wicks of candles, are usually said to foretell the arrival of strangers. In several places in England they were known as letters at the candle, as if, says Brand, "they were the forerunners of some strange news."

Innkeepers in Amsterdam, about the close of the seventeenth century, called them "good men," and held that they were lucky when they burned long and brilliant, in which case they supposed they would bring customers; but when they soon went out they imagined that the customers already under their roofs would soon pack up and go.

To snuff out a candle by accident was held to be a sign of matrimony.

Something may be learned from the way a candle burns. "If a candle burn blue," says an old writer, "it is a sign there is a spirit in the house, or not far from it."

Candles burning blue are amongst the favorite furniture of ghost stories.

In Willsford's "Nature's Secrets," from which we have already quoted, the burning of a candle is set down as an indicator of the weather. "If the flame of a candle, lamp, or any other fire," we are told, "does wave or wind itself when there is no sensible or visible cause, except some windy weather."

"When candles or lamps will not so readily kindle as at other times, it is a sign of wet weather near at hand."

"When candles or lamps do sparkle and rise up with little fumes, or their wicks swell with things on them like mushrooms, these are signs of ensuing wet weather."

A collection of tallow rising up against the wick of a candle is known as a winding sheet. When it is seen, say the superstitious, there will soon be a death in the family.

Girls who want to know the state of their sweetheart's affections have been known to practise a curious piece of divination with a candle and a pin. She who makes the trial takes a pin and cautiously sticks it through the substance of the candle, making sure at the same time that it pierces the wick. Whilst doing so she repeats the following rhyme:—

"It's not this candle alone I stick,
But A. B.'s heart I mean to prick;
Whether he be asleep or awake,
I'd have him come to me and speak."

She then watches the candle as it burns away, and if the pin remains in the wick after the flame has made its way below the place in which it was inserted, she may go to rest with an easy mind, for the loved one will be sure to visit her in dreams. If the pin drops out, however, it is a sign that he is faithless and not worth thinking about any more.

A pleasing saying used to be uttered in Ireland when they extinguished a candle. It was this: "May the Lord renew the light of Heaven!"

A PLUCKY WOMAN'S REWARD.—Says a despatch from Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: When a freight train dashed into fallen rocks in Beverley cut, on the Hudson River Railroad, one morning before daylight a short time ago, Mrs. Groves, the wife of the flagman near by, got out of her bed and ran up the track half a mile in her night clothes, with a red light in her hand, to stop an express about due. A day or two ago General Manager J. M. Toucey, of the road, informed Mrs. Groves that the Executive Committee of the road had voted her $100 for the good service she had performed and handed her ten new ten dollar gold pieces. "God bless you!" she said, as the coins jingled in her hand, and, in reply to Mr. Toucey as to what she was going to do with the money, she said: "I am going up Cold Spring to put it in the bank, and I'm not going up in my night clothes, nayther."

ONE who is moaning and tottering cannot assist another to rise. He must stand firmly on his own feet if he would put forth a strong hand to lift up his falling brother. So, if we would confer the blessing of independence upon others, we must attain it for ourselves, for we shape their lives and characters not so much by what we say and do as by what we are. "Man is his own star, and the soul that can render an honest and a perfect man commands all light, all influence, all fate."

To recognize the seeds of virtue in the hearts of others, and to aid in their development, is one of the noblest objects in human life.

He not prized even of wild things.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

It seems that the Tunisians have a rather unpleasant custom of "fattening up" their girls for marriage. A girl after she is betrothed is cooped up in a small room. Shackles of silver or gold are put upon her ankles and wrists as a piece of dress. If she is to be married to a man who has discharged, despatched, or lost a former wife, the shackles which the former wife wore are put upon the new bride's limbs, and she is fed until they are filled up to the proper thickness. This is sometimes no easy matter.

Fashion's mandate that purses, reticules, travelling bags and footwear must be made of alligator hide has made alligator hunting an industry in Louisiana and Florida, and the monsters are rapidly being exterminated. So marked has been this destruction that the police jury of Plaquemines parish, Louisiana, have been compelled to prohibit further hunting. It seems that alligators feed largely on muskrats, and since the lessening of the number of the former the rats have increased enormously and have seriously damaged crops.

A wealthy citizen of Cincinnati, who died recently, left a clause in his will providing that one of his sons should be charged with $1,000 in "proof coin." It seems that he had an old desk at his home in which he kept his private papers. In one of the drawers he would throw the small coin and change that came to his hand. This had been going on for years, until the sum had reached $1,000. The money disappeared, and the theft was traced to a wayward son. This was several years ago. In the meantime the son contracted an unfortunate matrimonial alliance, disappeared from Cincinnati, and has not since returned. But the father remembered the crime, and the abstraction will face the young man when he comes to draw his portion of the estate.

A story is going the rounds in Berlin concerning Bismarck's little grandson, who was taken by his mother to a shop where she was in the habit of buying his clothes ready made, "because they are less expensive than those specially made." On this occasion the little man set up a loud howl when his mother indicated that she preferred the clothes of her growing boy to be rather large, so that there would be room for his "growing into them." "Whatever makes you behave in this babyish way?" asked Countess Rantzau, and the reply was: "Whenever I go to play at the schloss with the Crown Prince and Prince Eitel, they always laugh at my large clothes, and say that I have to wear out grandpapa's old trousers."

A correspondent of the Farmington, Me., *Chronicle* describes the funeral of one Moses Judkins, of Fayette, Me., sixty years ago. The coffin was placed upon a bier, and this was carried on the shoulders of the bearers. It was a long distance, by a hilly route, from the Ridge to Fayette Corner, where the body was buried. A number of young men acted as bearers. The funeral took place in hot weather, and when one set of four became heated and tired they transferred their burden to the shoulders of four others. From time to time the solemn procession halted and all its members were refreshed by a draught of rum. Capt. Samuel Tuck had charge of the supply of liquor conveyed for the purpose. Four gallons of this liquid refreshment were disposed to the thirsty company before the obsequies were completed.

"The inventor of this automatic cash and parcel system," said a salesman in one of the big New York shops recently as he switched his customer's purchase and money up into the air and sent it whirling away to a central change and wrapping station, "was a poor shop boy like myself. He sold out for $100,000, but could be making a great deal more than the income of that sum now if he had held on. Look at this shop; the aisles are not filled up with cash boys or cash girls, and the customers have more room and better air. We have 80 automatic stations in use, and we pay a royalty of $20 a year for each station. That makes a total of $1,600 a year for the service. Suppose we employed 50 cash boys—we couldn't get along with less—and paid them the low figure of $130 a year. We could get them for that, cheap as it seems. They would cost us $6,500 in a year. Quite a saving, isn't it? Who was the inventor? He was a Philadelphia salesman named Hickenmeier."

Our Young Folks.

THE RULE OF BEAUTY.

BY EDITH E. CUTHELL.

"NO, TOTO, I don't think you can come with me to-day," said little Lady Lilian, patting the soft silky coat of her pet King Charles Spaniel. "Go back Toto."

Toto did not understand it at all. He was used to accompanying his little mistress everywhere, used to doing what he liked, and to not being thwarted.

"A picnic on the moors is not the place for a little London doggie like you," added Lilian.

"Na, indeed!" said Donald the gillie, who was holding the rough shooting pony for his little Lady to mount; "na, indeed! I mak' na doobt it will be tearin' his soft lang hair he'll be 'mong the garse and the heather."

So Toto, much to his disgust, was left behind to spend a long day alone at the shooting lodge, and Lady Lilian on her pony, Donald at her heels, followed the rest of the ladies and the pony which carried the lunch.

It was what in Scotland, where it rains so much, might be called a fine day; for it did not absolutely pour. But the sky was lowering; the clouds covered the highest hills, and looked as if they meant to descend lower still.

But to little Lady Lilian, only just liberated for her holidays from smoky London, from being neatly dressed and gloved to walk solemnly with her governess in Kensington Gardens, what could be more delightful than to be let loose on a Scottish moor?

All the way to luncheon spot her tongue never ceased wagging, as she chattered to her aunt and to her mother; pestered silent Donald with questions, and laughed and shouted over each new flower, each fresh mountain that rose on the horizon, and every grouse or blackcock that whirred into the air.

At lunch-time she was silent, for the mountain air had made her ravenous. Then she remembered Toto.

"Dear Toto! I wish he were here. He would so enjoy some of this veal pie!"

"Greedy little animal!" said her older brother. "He thinks of nothing but eating A pampered little lapdog like that should have been left behind in London."

"Then I should have had to be left behind, too, Algy, and I am sure nobody would have liked that! Toto may be greedy, I know he is. But you shan't call him so, though."

Luncheon over the party broke up. The shooters went off to another hillside, on further sport intent, and Lillian's mother collected the ladies.

"Let us hurry back," she said. "The mist is coming down very fast. I am sure we shall get a wetting."

Donald brought round Lilian's pony. But her little ladyship declined to mount.

"Please, mummy dear, may I run! I can run quite as fast as I can ride down this steep, stony path."

Lilian got her own way, and set off at full speed. She was soon far ahead of the ponies. Suddenly a gleam of something white among the purple heather attracted her attention, under a boulder not far off. With two skips she had left the path, and was soon at the spot.

"White heather, indeed! What good fortune! They say it is very fortunate to find white heather! And I'm almost sure there's another patch there, across the little brook Donald calls a burn."

Off she sped. But the burn was wider than she had imagined. She tried to jump it, but, alighting on a slippery rock, slithered and fell, bending her ankle under her.

Lilian gave a low cry of pain, for the agony of the sprain worse than anything she had ever felt before. Then the whole hillside seemed to spin round before her eyes, and she fainted away.

How long she lay there she did not know. When she opened her eyes again the world was all white. The mist had come down over the mountain side, and closed Lilian up as with a white wall. She could see only a few yards around her.

Lilian was exceedingly frightened. She screamed and called, but her voice echoed back in the dreadful silence, which was broken only by the trickling of the burn.

Forgetting in her fright the pain of her sprained ankle, Lilian sobbed aloud, making up her mind that she was going to die out there alone on the hills.

Suddenly a huge form loomed through the mist. It was all hairy, with a shaggy head and four legs.

Lilian screamed louder than ever. She feared it was one of the wild Highland cattle, which she did not like, even at a distance.

The monster approached nearer, and then Lilian perceived that it was a rough kind of a sheep-dog. It bent down his head over her.

Lilian held her breath for fear. She thought it was going to eat her up.

But the doggie's eyes were kind, if his hair was rough and tangled, and Lilian felt reassured.

He smelt her carefully all over, licked her hand a little gently, and then lifted up his head to the mist above.

"Bow-wow-wow!" he said in a deep bass bark.

This performance he repeated two or three times. Then voices were heard. Two men came through the mist, and in Gaelic, which Lilian did not understand, expressed great surprise at finding her.

They lifted her up carefully, and, followed by the dog, carried her off. In a short time Lilian found herself in a small stone cottage, and was placed on a great wooden bed in the corner. A woman bound up her poor ankle, the dog watching her with the same kind look in his eyes.

The pain, which her move had increased grew less. Lilian drank eagerly a little milk the woman offered her, and was beginning to feel quite comfortable and dozy, when the door opened, and her anxious father and mother, followed by the faithful Donald, entered hurriedly.

Safe once more in her mother's arms, Lilian, with many sobs, told the story of her accident.

"And now, mamma," she said, "you must thank my rescuer. It was that dear dog found me. Give him a thank-you pat, will you? He's not much to look at; but he's very kind and very clever."

Not many months later there was a mist again. But this time it was not on the Scotch mountains, but in the streets of London. It was not white but yellow.

A couple of Scotch drovers, driving a herd of cattle from the station to the market, found much difficulty, owing to the fog, in getting their bewildered charges along the narrow streets.

They were assisted to the best of his power, by a rough looking sheep dog, who ran hither and thither barking at the cattle. But the fog grew thicker, the block of vehicles greater, and at last, after chasing a bullock down a side street, the poor dog found himself separated from his masters and lost.

On the wildest moor, in the deepest snow, Callum would not have been at fault. But for hours he wandered aimlessly through the streets of busy London, here narrowly escaping being run over, there receiving a kick or a bite from some street boy or stray cur, and ever searching for, but never finding his lost masters.

Poor Callum spent the night supperless on a doorstep, often rudely hunted off by a policeman. With dawn his wanderings began again. He felt half starved. The butchers' and bakers' shops, jealously guarded by glass windows, seemed to mock his hunger.

Suddenly, from an open door, up a handsome flight of steps, came a delicious smell.

A tall powdered footman, who had left the door open stood on the kerbstone and did not notice Callum as he slipped behind him up the steps.

Inside the hall a little silky King Charles with blue ribbon tied around his neck, was busily engaged in picking over, as if he was not sure if he was hungry or not, such a plate full of tit-bits as made poor half-starved Callum's mouth water.

He came gently up to Toto, for it was he, with eyes that plainly said—

"Don't you see how hungry I am? Do let me have a little!"

Toto looked up. He was a very pretty little dog, but he could make himself very ugly. He showed all his teeth, and seized the best bone between them.

"Yah! yah! yah!" he snarled as angrily as could be.

Poor Callum sat down meekly and watched Toto eat, or try to.

"Yah! yah!" snapped Toto again, which meant, "Why don't you go away? How dare you come here?"

"Toto! Toto! don't be so cross! What are you snarling at now?"

Footsteps pattered across the hall, and little Lady Lilian herself ran up.

She looked for a moment in utter surprise at Callum, and then, to Toto's mingled astonishment and disgust, flung her arms around his neck and kissed him.

The next minute she had opened the dining room door, and led Callum in triumphantly by the bit of old rope which did duty for a collar.

"Father! mother! I want some of the nicest things on the table for this poor dog to eat. He's the dog that found me in Scotland—see, he knows me! He's lost I'm sure, and he's so hungry. That nasty greedy little Toto would not give him any of his breakfast. I shall give Toto away; I won't keep him any more. I shall keep this poor dear dog for my own always!"

THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

BY F. E. D. KER.

IT was Christmas Eve in Northern Russia. The black shadowy pines of the great Vologda forest stood up gaunt and grim against the darkening sky, and in the faint light of the rising moon glimmered huge white drifts of snow, piled fathom-deep around the stems of the pines by a recent storm. But the storm had now spent itself, and all was deadly still and bitterly cold.

Any traveller who had been abroad in the forest that evening would have wondered to hear, in that lonesome place and at that dreary hour, a crunching tread coming hastily over the hard snow, and the clear voice of a boy singing merrily an old Russian song:—

Daddy, Daddy Winter! let your white geese fly,
Send the wind to drive them all across the sky;
Send the tossing pine-trees, make the hard earth spill,
Snug around our stoves, lads, we don't fear a bit!"

Indeed, Pavel Petrovitch (Paul, son of Peter) Masloff had good cause to sing. He had been doing some work up at the great manor-house, (in which lived Prince Pojarkoff, who owned the whole country for miles around), and the prince's servants, with whom this bright bold boy was a prime favorite, had not only given him a hearty dinner, but had packed up a big piece of meat and a huge sliced cake for him to carry home as a Christmas treat. And now, as he struggled onward through the deep snow and the gathering darkness, he pleased himself with the thought of what a fine meal his father, who had been out in the cold all day long, would make of this good roast meat, and how his poor little sick sister, Masha (Mary) would enjoy such a cake as she had never before tasted in her life.

A queer figure Pavel looked in his winter dress; and had he appeared suddenly in London he would most certainly have drawn together as large a crowd as any circus.

Pulled quite down over his eyes was a huge shapeless cap of grey felt, with broad lappets covering his ears and cheeks, and tied tightly under his chin. A thick sheepskin frock, with the wool inside, covered him from head to foot, making him look exactly like a big sack set up on end; and high boots smeared with tar (inside which wisps of straw were wound round and round his bare feet) completed his costume. At his back hung the wallet containing the food, and in his girdle was stuck the short axe which serves the Russian peasant both as a tool and as a weapon.

Suddenly the boy halted before a huge dead pine, at the foot of which another path branched off from the one that he was following. It was not that he was doubtful which way to take, for he could have followed blindfold any forest track for miles round; but the sight of this new path which he had come upon had given him a new idea.

Some distance up the branching track stood the hut of a peevish miserly old woodman named Vasili (Basil) Galkin, who lived all by himself, and hardly ever spoke to anyone. Pavel suddenly remembered that nothing had been seen of Galkin for the last two days, and that the old man had seemed very stiff and feeble the last time he saw him.

What if he were lying ill and helpless and no one to tend him in his lonely hut? In any case he would be all alone on this evening of universal rejoicing, with nothing to eat, most likely, but a piece of sour black bread, while Pavel's well-filled bag was loaded with meat and cake.

Our hero knew well that every step toward Galkin's hut would carry him farther and farther away from home, on a bitterly cold night, in the depths of a forest swarming with wolves, and perhaps with robbers likewise: for a man had been found robbed and murdered near that very spot two winters before; and all this deadly risk was to be run for the sake of a crusty old miser who had given him many a scolding, and never had a kind word for anyone. But Pavel Masloff was not the lad to think of such things when it was in his power to do a kindness, and another moment saw him ploughing his way along the narrow snow-heaped path toward Galkin's hut.

* * * * * * *

It was very dark and very late before Pavel got back to the safer path he had quitted. He had found old Vasili almost helpless from a bad attack of rheumatism, and had spent more than an hour in making the old man comfortable, giving him a share of the roast meat, and cheering him with promises of sending someone to look after him, or coming back to do it himself.

But now his kindness seemed only too likely to cost him dear. A black cloud hid the moon, the night wind moaned dreadfully through the ghostly pines, and everything seemed to portend the coming of a fearful snowstorm, which, far as the boy still was from his home, meant little less to him than certain death in the snow.

Hark! what was that long melancholy sound, far, far away in the distance? Was it only the moan of the rising wind in the trees, or was it (as poor Pavel feared) something far worse? Hark! again it came, too terribly plain this time to be mistaken for anything but the ghastly sound which no one who has once heard it in a lonely forest at midnight can ever forget—the howl of a pack of hungry pursuing wolves!

Pavel quickened his pace to a run, hoping against hope that he might reach home before the savage brutes overtook him. But the snow, hard though it was, was not yet hard enough to bear his weight, and he sank knee-deep into drift after drift, while closer and closer behind him came the howl of the pursuing monsters, who were gaining upon him rapidly.

Suddenly, the long moaning cry changed to a sharp snarling yell, and in an instant the darkness all around him was alive with whisking tails, and gaping jaws, and yellow, cruel murderous eyes. The brave lad drew his axe from his belt, and with one blow cut down the foremost wolf as it sprang upon him, at the same time shouting for help with all his might, in case any of Prince Pojarkoff's foresters should happen to be abroad that night.

For a moment the wolves gave back as they saw their leader fall, but the rage of hunger overcame even their natural cowardice, and, while three or four of them tore and devoured their slain comrade, the rest closed around the forlorn boy.

Twice more did the axe flash and fall; one wolf dropped dead, while a second lay howling in the snow with a broken shoulder. But the others sprang upon Pavel and dragged him fiercely to the ground, tearing fiercely at the stout sheepskin frock which for one instant withstood their cruel teeth.

There came a hoarse clamor of many voices—a rush of hurrying feet over the snow—the flash and crack of a half a dozen rifles, mingled with sharp shouts of pain—and then the swarm of yelling monsters vanished like a dream, and Pavel, bruised, dizzy and half fainting, saw dimly around him in the moonlight a group of tall figures in fur jackets, in the foremost of whom he recognized his master, the great Prince himself.

"Are you hurt my boy?" asked the Prince, raising him tenderly in his strong hands. "What on earth were you doing here all alone at this time of night?"

Pavel told his story as shortly and simply as he could.

"And so you risked your life to give a treat to a cross old man!" cried the Prince admiringly. "Well done, my brave lad; you're a true Russian! Show me the way to your hut. I'll see your little sister get her Christmas cake, and if your father is half as fine a fellow as his son, I'll find a place for you all three at my house up yonder before I'm a day older!"

And Prince Pojarkoff proved to be as good as his word.

AMONG a large collection of old curiosities left by the late Herr Leopold Ettel, of Innsbruck, there was found a large cupboard partitioned into lockers, filled with instruments of torture of different countries and periods. The topmost locker was inscribed, "Modern instruments of torture of the nineteenth century," and on being opened was found to contain rate papers, dunning letters, and summonses.

THE MAGPIE'S WISDOM.—In the South of France so much store is set by wisdom in the magpie that, if it builds its nest on the summit of a tree, the country folk expect a season of calm, but, if lower down, winds and tempests are sure to follow. When a jackdaw is seen to stand on one of the vanes of the cathedral-tower at Wells, it is said that rain is sure to follow within twenty-four hours.

A SUMMER MORNING.

BY S. J.

Would I could tell my happiness in song
This morning bright!
How sweet should be the carol, and how long,
Of my delight!

Beneath the smile of calm and gracious skies
How still and fair,
As in a pleasant dream, the wide earth lies,
Too glad for pray'r—

Too full of pure enjoyment to regret
Past hours of gloom!
The thorny hedges are with leaves beset
And wreaths of bloom;

The meadows with a thousand flow'rs are gay;
The hills are bright
With golden furze and heather's rich array;
And on the height,

In cool green depths of bracken, may be found
The sky-lark's nest;
And all the sunny slopes to-day are crowned
With peace and rest.

SEA SLANG.

The nautical names for some of the usual articles of food on board ship are suggestive of the coarse and unappetizing nature of the fare. The stock dish of salt beef is known as "junk," "old horse"

A savory mess is "lobscouse," or "scouse" as it is sometimes more shortly called. It consists of pounded biscuit, small pieces of salt beef, and a few potatoes, boiled up together and seasoned with pepper.

A dish of cold fish and potatoes is known as "twice laid," and may be considered as a near relation of the mysterious "resurrection pie" of school days, or of the familiar "bubble and squeak."

When midst the frying pan, in accents savage,
The beef so surly quarrels with the cabbage,

A pudding made of dried peas boiled in a cloth rejoices in the enticing name of "dog's body." The hard ship biscuits are called "hard tack;" while the ordinary loaves of white bread to be obtained ashore are christened "soft tack," or "soft tommy."

"Midshipmen's nuts" are broken pieces of biscuit eaten by way of dessert. The late Charles Kingsley in one of his letters mentions friends who "got midshipman's half pay (nothing a day and find yourself), and monkey's allowance (more kicks than half pence)."

A very old sea-name for gruel, and formerly for hasty pudding, is "loblolly;" but the use of the word has not been confined to sailors. In old days, the surgeon's mate or doctor's apprentice was derisively termed a "loblolly boy. Days on which no meat is served out for rations have long been known on board ship as "banyan days." The name is said to be derived from a caste of Hindu traders or merchants, the Banians, who practise total abstinence from all animal food. It is a case of "six upon four" when provisions run short, and rations are allotted in the proportion of four to six men. To food, naturally succeeds drink.

Many of the ordinary cant names for alcholic liquor are used both by sailors and by landsmen; but there are a few terms peculiar to the sea. To "splice the main brace" is to give out an extra allowance of grog. "Six water grog" is very weak liquor, six portions of water to one of spirit. Weak or poor drink is also sometimes called "rumbowling." Of the innumerable euphemisms for drunkenness, partial or entire, a few are of nautical extraction. "Half seas over" dates from the seventeenth century.

The origin of the phrase is doubtful. It is often referred to the Dutch *op zee zober*, or over-sea beer, a strong beer said to have been introduced into Holland from England; but more probably its origin is purely nautical, and may be traced to the reeling motion of a vessel in a stormy sea. "Three sheets in the wind" and "a sheet in the wind's eye' are two more expressions strongly suggestive of the unsteadiness caused by intoxication.

At Greenwich Hospital the cant term for drunkenness is "yellow fever," because the sailors when punished have to wear a particolored coat in which yellow is predominant. "Bulling the barrel" is an operation well known to sailors.

When a spirit cask is nearly empty, a few gallons of water are put into it to keep the wood moist and prevent leakage; this is called "bulling the cask with the little spirits that may be left and "what has soaked in the wood, if you roll it and shake it well, it generally turns out pretty fair grog," which is known as "bull" To "suck the monkey" is a phrase explained as having originally been used among sailors for drinking rum out of cocoa nuts, the milk having been poured out and the liquor substituted. It is now applied to the act of drinking on the sly from a cask by inserting a straw through a gimlet hole, and to drinking generally. To "tap the admiral" is a variant of this phrase. Every one knows what a lubber is. The word is old. "Lubber's hole" is a sea term for any shirking of duty, from the name given to the opening in the maintop, used in preference to the shrouds by boys and timid climbers. A sailor who rose from the ranks was formerly said to have "crept through the hawse holes," which, properly speaking, are the holes in the ship's bows through which the cables pass. In the army, a man so promoted is called a "ranker."

Those amphibious beings the marines, often called "jollies," used to represent everything that was contemptible in the eyes of a sailor. A "marine" and "lubber" were synonymous terms. Dana, in his Two Years before the Mast, says that on an American vessel "soger" (soldier) was the worst term of reproach that could be applied to a sailor. "It signifies," he says "a skulk, a shirk, one who is always trying to get clear of work, and is out of the way, or hanging back, when duty is to be done." "Tell that to the marines," is a relic of that period.

On board ship, "son of a cook" is a very uncomplimentary epithet; "swab" is used in much the same way, and is also applied to the epaulet of a naval officer. A lazy man is sometimes said to be "slack in stays" a phrase that has no feminine association, but is simply the technical way of saying that a ship is slow in going about. But if a sailor wishes to thoroughly condemn a lazy mean rascal, he brands him as a "dirty dog and no sailor."

Various nicknames are given by sailors to one another and to petty officers. The master's assistants have long been known as "bungs" or "bungstarters," because it was part of their duty to stand at the grog-butt and superintend the serving out of the grog. The skimmings of the coppers in which the fat salt pork is boiled for the crew are called "slush;" consequently, the ship's cook is dubbed "slushy;" while his assistant enjoys, with no apparent reason, the name of "Jack Nasty face." "Nip cheese" is an old and somewhat libellous name for a purser. A "ship husband," according to Admiral Smyth, is the owner's agent; but Marryat applies the term to a sailor very fond of his ship.

Grains of Gold.

Affection is the broadest basis of a good life.

Wise men care not for what they cannot have.

Vex not him whom thou wishest to convince.

The greatest wealth is contentment with little.

Time is given as a prize for the men in earnest.

Life is of little value, unless it be consecrated by duty.

Contentment is natural wealth; luxury, artificial poverty.

Ceremonies are different in every country; but true politeness is everywhere the same.

The soul that perpetually overflows with kindness and sympathy will always be cheerful.

There is nothing in the universe I fear, but that I shall not know all my duty, or shall fail to do it.

Some one has said that boasting of what you will do is as unwise as to advertise your prosperity.

There are a vanity and an egotism in always bewailing our misdoings as well as in arrogating our virtuous actions.

The men who listen well, and are not in haste to impart their own secrets, are the ones who generally get along in the world.

Love only unlocks the door upon that futurity where the isles of the blessed lie like stays. Affection is the stepping stone to God.

The golden beams of truth and the silken cords of love, twisted together, will draw men on with a sweet violence, whether they will or not.

It is a truth never to be overlooked that good increases and triumphs through the emphasis laid upon it, while evil dwindles and decays by silence and neglect.

Femininities.

Modesty is the conscience of the body.

The choice of the wicked includes their punishment.

If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone can restore it.

We grow tired of ourselves, much more of other people.

Women excel in a sort of courage—the courage of resignation.

No woman is so insignificant as to be sure her example can do no hurt.

Whoso believes in the freedom of the will has never loved and never hated.

A woman set on anything will walk right through the moral crockery without wincing.

Trust not a woman when she weeps, for it is her nature to weep when she wants her will.

More bridal couples are said to have visited Washington this spring than ever before.

In one respect a woman is superior to a man—she can be good natured when she is hungry.

Women do not marry for money, but they say it is easier to love a rich man than a poor one.

London exchanges tell of two girls in Germany who have been in trances for nearly seven weeks.

Louise Abbema, the French painter, arrays herself in male attire, and is very much of a dandy.

When a woman takes good care of a good husband she is taking the best possible care of herself.

How many things there are to laugh at in this world to the girl who has pretty teeth and dimples.

The only way to get rich is to do without things until you are so old you have no appetite for them.

Hot alum water, borax, salt water, dalmatian powder and carbolic acid are all vermin exterminators.

In a match game of base ball between the boys and girls of the Hutchinson, Kansas, High School the girls won.

Women employ more thought, memory and application to become fools than would serve to make them wise and useful.

Mrs. Young-wife: "Did you ever try any of my biscuits, Judge?" Judge: "No, I never did; but I dare say they deserve it."

In England no king or queen of England has had a monument or a tomb, however humble, since the days of Queen Elizabeth.

Zinc-covered kitchen tables are finding favor now with housewives and servants. They are easy to keep clean and are exceedingly durable.

One half of the world does not know how the other half lives, and it is just as well that it is so, for a great deal of scandal is thereby saved.

The little books of soap leaves hid in a daintily embroidered cover of chamois skin, or between painted celluloid leaves, are pretty, convenient additions to the toilet case in traveling.

Visitor: "I don't see anything remarkable about this girl. She seems to me to be just an ordinary, uneducated woman." Manager. "Yes, that's so; but she is the woman who bosses the 3-foot giant."

Café au lait is a delicious beverage, and is made by pouring into a pot two-thirds strong coffee and one-third scalding milk, mixing well and pouring into cups. If preferred it may be allowed to cool and then iced.

Why is a widow generally prettier than a young girl? Because love has passed over her; because love still abides with her; we see in her its beautiful traces. In cultivating such a power time has not been wasted.

Enel, aged 5 who is being put to bed, when her mother, in evening toilet, enters the room: "Are you going to bed, too, mamma?" "No, dear; I'm going to the opera." "Are you going to dress after you get there?"

An Indian squaw living near Mitchell, Dakota Territory, who evidently possesses some of the characteristics of her pale-face sisters, has the very suggestive name of "Woman-who-goes-out-of-the-house-five-times."

The street car gave a sudden lurch in rounding a curve, and the charming young girl who was clinging to a strap nearly sat down in the lap of the man with a fur-lined overcoat who was sitting in the corner. "I beg your pardon, sir!" she exclaimed, hastily. "Not at all, miss," he replied, encouragingly; "try it again."

No matter the rank of life, any woman, be she princess or peasant, who undertakes the care of a family becomes at once responsible for the welfare of that family, whether she actually toils for them with her own hands, as does the laborer's wife, or simply oversees and superintends the work of others, as does the lady rich in all the goods of this world.

Marion Harland advises those who use whole grocers catalogue as canned goods to always treat the contents a few hours before cooking the contents and empty into an open bowl; set in a cool place. Take remover, lye, chloes, nitrate, simply taste. Drain the liquor from peas and beans, cover with fresh, cold water, and let them soak for two hours. It freshens them wonderfully.

To take fruit stains out of white napkins, let them, as soon as taken from the table, be thrown into a large vessel of clean water. If not, water is at hand it will be better than cold. Leave them to soak during the remainder of the day. Then take them out and put them where they will dry. If any stains remain, wet the stains with hot water, and then rub on some lemon juice, or salts of lemon, washing it off as soon as it has removed the stain. Cream of tartar will sometimes answer the purpose. It is very hard to get a stain out of any sort of linen after it has been previously washed in soap.

Masculinities.

To be proud and boastful of learning is the greatest ignorance.

A Maine paper tells of a girl there who regularly shaves her grown-up brothers.

Nature has sometimes made a fool, but a coxcomb is always of man's own making.

Out in Sturgis, Mich., burglars spent two hours drilling a hole in a safe which wasn't locked.

When a young man loses his heart to some girl, he usually loses his nerve at the same time.

There are three men in the Oregon State prison each of whom cut off a hand to avoid work. They are confined in solitary cells.

Brown: "When my wife wants to know what kept me down town so late I always tell her like a man." Jones: "In other words you lie out of it."

An ambitious word-coiner says that there is a crying need of a word expressing the opposite of "height;" and he suggests the word "lowi" or "lowth."

A party of boys in Bridgeport, Conn., gorged themselves with stolen pills and then went off fishing, but they were soon taken deathly sick and had to be helped home.

A seventeen year old lad who climbed to the dome of the State House at Topeka the other day, managed to fall to the basement, a distance of eighty feet, without breaking a bone.

Prince Bismarck speaks English with a German accent and a rather old-fashioned pronunciation, but his mastery of the language is complete and his knowledge of its literature is very great.

The Chicago Chief of Police has issued an order instructing the Department to stop the sale of cigarettes to boys under 18 years of age. This is one step toward ridding the town of the smoke nuisance.

There is a firm in Cincinnati which each year beats 21,000 gold dollars into gold leaf, and as each dollar can be beat into a sheet that will carpet two rooms 16½ feet square, some idea may be formed of its tenuity.

Just 100 years have elapsed since the inauguration in Europe of the high silk hat—yclept "the stove-pipe"—and the centennial anniversary thereof has been duly celebrated by the hatters of the Old World.

An English officer in India was seized by a tiger while smoking a cigar. As the beast was carrying him off he touched his lighted cigar to its side, and presto! change! he was dropped like a hot potato and got up and returned to his friends.

Cigarettes are keeping up their reputation as health destroyers, an Elizabeth, N. J., lad of 17 being the latest victim. He was kicked in the knee by a playmate, and his system, the physicians say, was so enfeebled by cigarette smoking that the injury would not heal, and lockjaw set in and resulted in death.

A strong iron fence will be put around the Lincoln monument at Springfield, Ill., and nobody will be allowed inside the inclosure except during certain hours of the day. This step was decided on at a meeting of the Lincoln Monument Association, to prevent the monument from being mutilated by relic hunters.

There is one boarding house mistress in Maine who is not in the habit of getting left. When some of the boarders began to brace their constitutions against the enervating spring weather with bitters she posted this notice: "All boarders who build up their appetites artificially will be charged 20 per cent. additional."

The Duchess of Westminster, whose husband is the richest man in England, finds herself unable to give $100 a year for five years toward a scholarship at the Female School of Art, London. She writes that she "has so many claims" upon her that when she subscribed to the fund she did not know that it was to run five years.

A nation is known by the tobacco it smokes. England and Germany smoke pipes, and they are the two most powerful nations in Europe. France smoked bad cigars under the Second Empire, with the natural result of Sedan; while we all know how the decadence of Spain and Portugal has kept pace with the spread of cigarette smoking.

A mustache trainer has appeared. It is an elastic, curved strip of thin metal, at either end of which is secured an adjustable plate, faced on the inner side with soft cloth in order that the machine may comfortably clasp the ends of the mustache. The latter is carefully arranged at night or during periods of seclusion and the trainer fixed upon it.

A lecture course, known as the "Merchants' Lecture" has been given in London for 220 years. It was founded in the reign of Charles II. by merchants with the professed design of upholding the doctrines of the reformation against the errors of popery, socinianism and infidelity. Lecturers of to-day are weekly carrying on the purpose of the founders.

Do not allow food to fry slowly, as the article fried then becomes toughened and soaked with fat. Quickly fried food, done by plunging the prepared meats, cakes, pies, &c., into heated oil or lard or butter, having the surface entirely and quickly browned and thus closed to the further entrance of the fat, is not so objectionable, while the browning brings out a delicious flavor in the meats.

Thomas Congley, of Dover, England, is said to be the heaviest of her Majesty's many subjects. He is an intelligent and respectable citizen, 42 years old, having been born of parents of above the normal size in 1868. As a boy he was considered small and not very healthy. His present weight is 45 stone (630 pounds); height, 6 feet 4 inch; measurement of waist, 80 inches, and of legs, 25.

A Mrs Loffler, of Pittsburg, recently demonstrated that she was full of grit. She claimed that workmen engaged in tearing down an old building were trespassing on her property, and she ordered them off. The men refused to do so, and Mrs. Loffler armed herself with a rifle and single-handed she forced them all to beat a retreat. She was cheered by the neighbors, and she kept the alleged invaders at bay all day.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

Lippincott's Magazine is very steadily improving, and the May number is an excellent a periodical as one could well desire. The contributors are all of some reputation; and the work they are now doing is deserving of considerable praise, and should be valued accordingly. Bret Harte's complete novel, "A Sappho of Green Springs," is, by virtue of its merit, entitled to first place among the fiction, while "Father Damien" should occupy the same relative position in the verse. Lafcadio Hearn's "Karma" interested me more than any of the other sketches I have read, and it will attract a good deal of attention I feel sure. It is quite original in conception, and the line of thought pursued is a bold one, though the style at times renders the author's meaning a trifle to dense for clear perception. "A Thing Enskyed" is well enough told, which is fortunate, as there is very little in the story itself. "Robert Browning" and "Subsidies and Shipping" furnish the more serious element, and both subjects are treated well enough. Mrs. Clara Bloomfield-Moore is responsible for the first.

The Century for May may be called a memorial day number. Articles having reference to this day are "A Decoration Day Revery," by Braden Matthews; "Theodore O'Hara," by Robert Burns Wilson; "Twilight Song," by Walt Whitman; and a Memorial Day ode "The Fallen," by John Vance Cheney; besides appropriate articles in "Topics," and "Open Letters." Among the illustrated papers are "Archibald Robertson, and his portraits of the Washingtons," by Mrs. Edith Robertson Cleveland; "Some New Washington Relics;" "Original Portraits of Washington," by Charles Henry Hart; "The Women of the French Salons," by Mrs. Amelia Gere Mason; "Italian Old Masters;" and "Chickens for Use and Beauty," by H. S. Babcock. There is a charming installment of Mr. Jefferson's Autobiography, and further chapters of Mrs. Barr's "Friend Olivia." Short stories are contributed by Richard Malcolm Johnston and Mrs. Elizabeth W. Champey. George Kennan's Russian paper is entitled "Blacked Out," with which is given a facsimile of two pages of one of Mr. Kenan's *Century* articles on Siberia erased by the Russian censors. Other articles of interest are "Two Views of Marie Bashkirtseff" with portraits; "A Study of Consciousness" by Prof. H. C. Wood; "Institutions for the Arid Lands," by Major J. W. Powell and "The New Movement in Education." There are several poems, and the departments offer some good reading. The Century Co., New York.

The frontispiece of the May *Magazine of American History* is a superb picture after the celebrated painting of Sir David Wilkie R. A., of Columbus, explaining his theory of a New World to a Prior of the old convent where he stopped to ask for bread for his little son. The opening article entitled "Spanish Pioneer Houses in California," by Charles Howard Shinn, is handsomely illustrated. It is followed by the "Portrait of Phillip Livingston, the signer." Ethelbert D. Warfield, President of the Miami University, contributes "Kentucky's Struggle for Autonomy." John Carter writes of "The Old Town of Green Bay, Wisconsin," and Roy Singleton of "Col. William Grayson." "The Massachusetts Bay Psalm Book, 1640," by Clement Ferguson, is a choice bit of history; "A Century of Cabinet Ministers," by George M. Pavy, is a novel and important statistical contribution; and Mrs. Lamb's description of the frontispiece is delightful. Among the shorter papers are, "Chauncey M. Depew on Washington Irving;" "Duel of Button Gwinnett, the signer," by Col. Charles C. Jones; "Glimpses of the Interior of Africa," by Professor Henry Drummond. The issue also contains a valuable list, recently prepared, of the "Historic-Societies of the United States;" and eight varied departments are crowded with good things. Published at 743 Broadway, New York.

CHICKENS.—It is a pleasure with those who live on the suburbs of towns and cities to keep a few hens. A small flock will cost but little, as the scraps from the table and any waste material, will provide a large share of the food. It is claimed that many eggs are produced in suburban sections as on the farms.

REMEMBER that every person, however low, has rights and feelings. In all contentions let peace be rather your object than triumph; value triumph only as the means of peace.

Our Tea Table Conferences.

BY MRS. ELDER BLOW.

I AM JUST Elder Blow's lawfully wedded wife, "only that and nothing more," to quote the words of a brilliant poet. I said to the Elder last Monday at high noon, "I believe sez I, I'll return to my old old occupation of wooing the muses, sez I, there may be a few things that I know that may help the dear 'sistering.' "What you don't know ain't worth knowin'," he remarked to say, as he pulled the sandy whisk on his stubby chin. I smirked at this bit o' flattery, and looked across to the mirror to see if my new birthday side-combs were in straight.

Well, I have been alone here at the Poplars ever since Monday. He was called away to Ashley to sit on the Jury. Some wives when their partners are gone try to turn the world upside down. They pick geese, wash feather beds, clean house and manage to run up a big doctor bill as a sort of joyful surprise for their converts. Not I. In my wedded life of thirty years I've learned sense along with experience.

In our country neighborhood in times of leisure the women have plain tea parties from which we aim to gain good. We call them "tea table conferences" and discuss any subject that a member may introduce. It is amazin' how confidential the female sect become over a dish of tea, and sugar cooky.

The last conference was full of enthusiasm, for our topic was summer visitors or more properly speaking, they should be called, "self invited guests." We don't all talk at once; but each member speaks in her turn as they do at cottage prayer meetings. Aunt Nancy Carpenter is president and always set the ball of conversation a-rolling.

She said she had quit allowing herself to be used as a tool for persons who cared nothing for her only as it was a good place to eat and be waited on. Unexpected guests were common in haying time. They'd say, affectionately: 'Oh cousin you're so easy of access, just half way between the Springs and the Falls, the children are wild to drink of your cream and eat of your good home made bread, an' your ruby berries are sparkling with dew!" They were troublesome and at the conclusion of a visit would say with great indifference; "If you're ever as far east as Elizabethtown, stop and see us." "We finally choked them off by a timely little saying it was not convenient to see them; and that a summer resort was opened at the Caves near us with fair prices.

Miss Ruth Chester an elderly maiden lady said she never dignified such hangers-on with the name of "guests," they were simply "cherry cousins" and "peach friends." "There are plenty of girls in shire towns who try to 'hook on' in the delightful country" said funny little Susie Moore. One real nice girl came regularly and gave me cordial invitations to return her visits, I went once. I saw I was unwelcome. Lilly said: "Susie dear, I'm so busy in the store you'll have to talk with mamma." She yawned around and did nothing to make me happy. Her father and mother complained at the table of how high priced were provisions; and that they had so much company they could barely live. One day and one night finished my visit there.

Just at this juncture Fanny Logan and Anna Allen snickered aloud while Anna said: "Lay on McDuff!" Anna said the greatest cheek she'd ever seen, was shown by a girl whom her brother had been showing slight attentions. She sent a hinting letter asking to be invited to their house so she could attend the Convention in that city. Suffice to say she did not succeed in pushing her bold self into our family circle.

Mrs. Agnes Crawford is an artist and likes to have her time at her own disposal, but time and again loads of country people drive up to her door saying with bland voices: "Oh Mrs. Crawford we could not pass your house without stopping to see you," people whom she had barely seen at church, who had no claim on her hospitality. Their strong country appetites would be whetted with their long ride and her dinner would be mowed away like hay in a mow. You see I'm not hitting town people alone; country cousins are equally guilty.

Aunt Minora Tucker was brought up in Hoosierdom, but moved to town to keep boarders, you know that's a sure sign of poverty for a woman. "It was not unusual," said she "to be routed up at night by a noisy crew 'bound to see dear Aunt Seymore;' they would kiss me like all possessed; while my baked potatoes and jams would be swept away at breakfast time, like leaves before locusts. When they'd start on their way, their ill-bred hilarity reminded me of a lot of rougi s on their return from Donnybrook fair! Once they felt generous and sent me a whole barrel full of applebutter, without paying charges on it. They afterwards nagged me to return the pesky barrel. I sent them the price of it as soon as I could spare the money."

A red headed woman in the corner told a tale that "took the cake." Some spongy neighbors made a journey in their carriage from Ohio to Iowa, stopping all along the route with "brethren."

They managed to carry letters of introduction to some and were quite agreeable. Occasions they'd tarry a week some places to rest the "critter" and wash their linen. When the pastures were usually green they'd tarry long enough to add a little flesh to their ribs. Only in two places were they were rebuffed. This man was the same person who went on a business trip to Detroit and stopped with a poor seamstress and her son who lived in a garret.

Second cousin Maria Duncan said her husband used to be head agent for a prominent firm and often told his sub agents to accept his hospitality any time they were in that city. Some of them did so; but had sufficient manners to remain a short time. During the Buckeye centennial one of his agents, a queer man accompanied by his queerer wife hove in sight and claimed their hospitality. Cousin Maria and her husband were at the depot enroute for the Pittsburg Exposition. There was one of two things to do: return home and entertain these two ghouls, or give them the house key and use of the residence; they chose the latter. Oh yes, Mr. Hamlet Baggs and wife "would make themselves at home." They were "at home" in the fullest sense of the term. Their hospitality was greatly abused, for what did agent Baggs do but fling open this man's doors to his rural neighbors who were in the city too. They brought their own lunch baskets to be sure, but filled this man's house from top to bottom; and were as noisy as a lot of sailors many leagues from land. They knew no better.

How can this business be done away with? this I uposition we call it. I, Mrs. Elder Blow would offer my remedy. Exchange visits with real friends and relatives; don't return those of the other sort and they will take a hint. The way E der and I do, is to enjoy our recreation at summer resorts and pay for it. Places that are reasonable can be found. If expensive we don't stay long. I generally sit at the dock or depot while "he" strikes out and finds a suitable place. You know I take care of the plush carpet bag and the sandbox while he is gone, so we have a good independent time. We once took in the Cincinnati Exposition on our calf money; two as likely a pair of calves as ever guzzled buttermilk paid our way. We sold them for eight dollars apiece, then availed ourselves of excursion rates and pretended we were on our wedding tour.

THE EMPRESS OF JAPAN most evidently maintains a keen and kindly interest in everything that concerns the welfare of her subjects. To those who are observant of her good works it is evident that this interest is not diminished by the heavy tax upon her time and energies, but, on the contrary, it increases as new and worthy objects for her benevolence appear. The latest manifestation of her Majesty's kindness was in connection with the Tokio Charity Hospital, where so many poor women and children are treated. She has always watched the institution closely and bestowed upon it patronage of the most active and helpful character, as well as contributed handsomely towards its funds.

But as the hospital has continually extended its sphere of action and enlarged its ministrations there has been need of more capacious buildings and increased contributions. The Empress knowing this state of things decided to practice strict economy in her personal expenses and devote whatever money that might thus be saved from her yearly income to the aid of the hospital. As the result of this the sum of 8446 yen and 90 sen has been handed to Dr. Takagi by her Majesty's Chamberlain.

NOTHING opens so wide a door to vice, to crime, to evil habits of every description, as the absence of occupation. The downward course of many a promising youth, the ruin of many a hopeful life, may be distinctly traced to the void caused by having nothing definite and positive to do. The faculties must be active, the energies must be at work; and, if not employed for good, they will be for evil.

Radway's
READY RELIEF
Price 50 Cts.
INTERNAL & EXTERNAL
will
Instantly Stop Pain
AND SPEEDILY CURE ALL
RHEUMATIC, NEURALGIC, NERVOUS
& MALARIOUS COMPLAINTS.
Radway & Co.

A representation of the engraving on our wrappers.—RADWAY & CO. NEW YORK.

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs. Inflammation, Sciatica, Lumbago, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headache, Toothache, Nervousness, Diphtheria, Influenza (Sporadic or Epidemic), Difficult Breathing.

CURED AND PREVENTED BY

Radway's Ready Relief.

A teaspoonful in a half tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Croups, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Colic, Flatulency, and all Internal pain.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS,

CHILLS AND FEVER.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure fever and ague and all other malarious, bilious and other fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle.

DR. RADWAY'S

SARSAPARILLIAN

RESOLVENT.

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

FOR THE CURE OF CHRONIC DISEASE.

Chronic Rheumatism, Scrofula, Hacking Dry Cough, Cancerous Affections, Bleeding of the Lungs, White Swelling, Tumors, Hip Disease, Bronchitis.

Not only does the Sarsaparillian Resolvent excel all remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin Diseases, but is the only positive cure for

Kidney and Bladder Complaints,

Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bonedust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the small of the back and along the loins.

Dr. Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.

A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken down and wasted body. Quick, pleasant, safe, and permanent in its treatment and cure. Sold by all druggists. **One Dollar a Bottle.**

RADWAY'S PILLS,

The Great Liver Remedy.

Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain. Always Reliable and Natural in Their Operation.

Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.

☞ Observe the following symptoms resulting from diseases of the digestive organs:

Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness of Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering in the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried or Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dots or Webs before the sight, Fever or Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Breast, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning of the Flesh.

A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders

PRICE, 25 CENTS PER BOX.

Send stamp for postage to RADWAY & CO., New York, for our book of advice.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for RADWAY'S, and see that the name "RADWAY" is on what you buy.

Humorous.

THE MEN WHO DO NOT LIFT.

The world is sympathetic. The statement none can doubt;
When A's in trouble don't we think that B should help him out?
Of course we haven't time ourselves to care for anyone,
But yet we hope that other folks will see that it is done.
We want the grief and penury of earth to be relieved.
We'd have the battle grandly fought, the victories achieved.
We do not care to take the lead, and stand the brush and brunt,
At lifting we're a failure, but we're splendid on the grunt.

And there are others, so we find, as on our way we jog,
Who want to do their lifting on the small end of the log.
They do a lot of blowing, and they strive to make it known
That were there no one else to help, they'd lift it all alone.
If talking were effective, there are scores and scores of men
Who'd move a mountion off its base and move it back again.
But as a class, to state it plain, in language true and blunt,
They're never worth a cent to lift, for all they do is grunt.

U. N. None.

Always goes to extremes—the gout.

Making light of it—Scratching a match.

What nation produces most marriages?—Fascination.

A pair of spectacles—Two women in "divided skirts" riding bicycles.

Why is a bashful girl like a chameleon?—Because she often changes color.

Even when a man weighs his words he often finds they have no weight.

"What is sweeter than to have a friend you can trust?" asked Sawkins. "To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins.

Young Goslin: "Mr. Roks, I wish—er—that is, I desire—er—the hand of your daughter." Roks: "What's the matter with the rest of her?"

His Honor: "What made you steal this gentleman a door mat?" Prisoner: "Sure, yer Honor, it said 'Welcome' on it in letters as long as yer arm."

There is only one thing that is more wearing and distressing to a man than having to wait for a train, and that is when a train hasn't waited for him.

First tramp: "Jerry, what's your opinion on de 8-hour movement?" Second tramp: "It's my honest opinion dat 8 hours movement is a heap too much for one day."

Attorney, to witness: "Mr. Chalkley, it I mistake not, you said a few moments ago that you sold milk for a living?" Witness, guardedly: "No, sir; I said I was a milkman."

"Oh, no! there ain't any favorites in this family!" soliloquized Johnny. "Oh, no! If I bite my finger nails I catch it over the knuckles; but the baby can eat his whole foot, and they think it very clever."

Alice: "O, Maud, I have had some tickets for to-night's concert given me. Shall you be engaged this evening?" Maud: "I think it quite likely, if Mr. Getthare makes as much progress towards proposing as he did last night."

"Can't you give a poor fellow a lift?" asked the tramp. "Not very well; I've only got my slippers on," said the farmer; "but if a little push, which is always good in this world, will help you, there it is." And he shoved him out into the darkness.

There is a celebrated reply of Mr. Curran to a remark of Lord Clare, who curtly exclaimed at one of his legal arguments: "Oh, if that be law, Mr. Curran, I may burn my law books." "Better read them, my lord," was the rejoinder.

Lovely daughter: "Why do you object to Mr. DePoor? Is it not better to live in a cottage with one you love than to dwell in a palace with one you hate?" Practical father: "Yes, my dear—very much better; but he hasn't the cottage."

Harry: "She has jilted me and I know I shall die. The disappointment will kill me!" Aunt Hannah: "I know how disappointments affect one, Harry; but you'll get over it. I felt just as you do now when I set that yeller hen on thirteen eggs and only got just one poor chick out of the lot."

Policemen sometimes, in giving evidence do not express themselves very clearly. An instance of this occurred the other day. An intelligent member of the force, who was giving evidence in an assault case, said: "I was the only person present in the house except another policeman, who was outside."

Bobby, looking out of the window: "What's the matter with that horse, mamma?" Mother: "The horse is balky, Bobby; he won't obey his driver." Bobby: "Well, what's the man patting him for?" Mother: "He is coaxing him." Bobby, with an injured air: "That ain't the way you treat me when I'm balky."

Right from a cooking school. Disgusted husband, eating breakfast: "Maria, what do you call this?" Wife: "That is a loaf of brown bread of my own baking, John." John opens the window and throws loaf of bread out. It kills a street-car horse. Great excitement. Missile inspected by local scientists and unanimously pronounced an aerolite.

It Fetches One up Very Short, to be seized with Pleurisy, Pneumonia, or any acute Throat or Lung Affection. Dr. Jayne's Expectorant proves a handy help in such attacks, and is besides a good old-fashioned remedy for all Coughs and Colds.

The Telephone Predicted.—In the works of Robert Hooke, published in 1664, is the following forecast of the telephone: —"and as glasses have highly promoted our seeing, so 'tis not improbable but that there may be found many mechanical inventors to improve our senses of hearing, tasting, and touching.

"Tis not impossible to hear a whisper a furlong's distance, it having already been done, and, perhaps the nature of the thing would not make it impossible though that furlong should be ten times multiplied.

"And though some famous authors have affirmed it impossible to hear through the thinnest plate of Muscovy glass, yet I know a way by which it is easy enough to hear one speak through a wall a yard thick.

"It has not yet been thoroughly examined how far otoconusticons may be improved, nor what other way there may be of quickening our hearing or conveying sounds through other bodies than the air, for that is not the only medium. I can assure the reader that I have, by the help of a distended wire, propagated the sound to a considerable distance in an instant, or with as seemingly quick a motion as that of light, at least incomparably swifter than that which at the same time was propagated through the air, and this not only in a straight line or direct, but one bended in many angles."

Material Wealth.—The increase of material wealth, it must be always remembered, is not the chief end of man; it is bought too dear if it costs—what is beyond measure more worthy of desire—the health, the mental or moral development, or the rational happiness of human beings. In fact, material wealth has no other commendable use or function but to sustain and foster human weal. If it does not serve this end—if, either in the process of its production or of its consumption, it works against human life, towards the narrowing or weakening or destroying of healthy, happy spiritual activity, towards the degrading, dehumanising of men—it is then accurately "wealth" no longer, but rather what Ruskin appropriately calls "illth."

If a gray haired woman of 50, is moderately respectable attire, is put off the cars in Kearney because she can't pay her fare any further; if she almost immediately receives a telegram urging her to come home on the next train because her husband is dying, and she is going to walk about a hundred miles, you let her walk. She and her confederate, who sends the telegram, have worked the dying husband racket in half a dozen different Nebraska towns, at a net profit, it is figured, of $15 per day. A U. P. passenger who stepped off the train here yesterday, for a few minutes, said he saw the "racket" worked in two towns east of us.

Society and Solitude.—Much social life, so called, merely fritters away the time, fills the mind with puerilities and the life with folly. Much of the solitude endured on compulsion is productive only of restlessness and *ennui*, or serves only to nourish envious thoughts and bitter memories. But whoever has learned so to live in society as to bless and be blessed will feel the need of certain seasons of perfect solitude. Then it is that he may gather up his forces, strengthen his resolves, review his past, and prepare with a brave heart for his future.

If you would not have affliction visit you twice, listen at once to that which it teaches.

CATARRH,

HAY FEVER, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS.

A NEW HOME TREATMENT.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby these distressing diseases are rapidly and permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on application by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 & 339 West King St., Toronto, Canada.—*Scientific American.*

SPECIFIC CURE For Sick and Nervous Headache, Loss of Memory Wakefulness Impotency and Muscular Debility. Vitalizing the diseased organs, and supplying nutritious matter to the morbid organism $1 per box; 6 for $5, by mail prepaid. Address Specific Company, Lock Box 562, Scranton, Pa.

SALESMEN WANTED at once. A few good men to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. We are the largest manufacturers in our line. Liberal salary paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For terms ad. Centennial Mfg. Co., Chicago.

$230 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. Without selling articles in the world. Sample Free. Address *N. A. Marshall, Detroit, Mich.*

You can make a large sum of money at work for us in your own locality. During the past few years, those who have thus worked have received over Five Millions of dollars for their services—more than a barrel of money. We want a few more workers at once. The work is easy, pleasant, adapted to both young and old of either sex. You can work all the time or in spare time only. Any one can do the work after studying our directions a day or two. This is the chance of a lifetime for those who apply at once. Any one anywhere can earn $100 per month and upwards. Under favorable conditions, earn $20 a day and upwards. Scores of people in the world are making so much money, without capital, as those at work for us. Whatever you have done, or whatever you may do, you should look into this royal chance. You will find that you can easily make all that we claim, and more. If you write to us before we secure all the workers we need, we will lay all before you FREE. Better write before you read, and then if you conclude not to go to work, or if we cannot employ you, no harm is done. Every one of our workers makes big money. Talk & Co., Box 299, Augusta, Maine.

DOLLARD & CO.,

1223 CHESTNUT ST., Philadelphia.

Premier Artists IN HAIR.

Inventors of the celebrated **GOSSAMER VENTILATING WIG and ELASTIC BAND TOUPEE.**

Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.	

They have always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizettes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Dollard's Herbanium Extract for the Hair.

This preparation has been manufactured and sold at Dollard's for the past fifty years, and its merits are such that, while it has never yet been advertised, the demand for it keeps steadily increasing.

Also **Dollard's Regenerative Cream,** to be used in conjunction with the Herbanium when the Hair is naturally dry and needs an oil.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter writes to Messrs. Dollard & Co., to send her a bottle of their Herbanium Extract for the Hair. Mrs. Gorter has tried in vain to obtain anything equal to it as a dressing for the hair in England.

Mrs. Edmondson Gorter,
Oak Lodge Thorpe,
Nov. 29, '88. Norwich, Norfolk, England.

To Mrs. Richard Dollard, 1223 Chestnut st., Phila.

I have frequently, during a number of years, used the "Dollard's Herbanium Extract," and do not know of any which equals it as a pleasant, refreshing and healthful cleanser of the hair.

Very respectfully,
Leonard Myers,
Ex-Member of Congress, 5th District.

Navy Pay Office, Philadelphia.

I have used "Dollard's Herbanium Extract, or Vegetable Hair Wash," regularly for upwards of five years with great advantage. My hair, from rapidly thinning, was early restored, and has been kept by it in its wonted thickness and strength. It is the best Wash I have ever used.

A. W. Russell, U. S. N.

I have used constantly for more than twenty-five years, "Dollard's Herbanium," for removing dandruff and dressing my hair, also for the relief of nervous headaches. I have found it a delightful article for the toilet, and cheerfully testify to the virtues claimed for it. I would not be without it.

James B. Chandler,
No. 306 Chestnut Street.

Prepared only and for sale, wholesale and retail, and applied professionally by

DOLLARD & CO.
1223 CHESTNUT STREET.

GENTLEMEN'S HAIR CUTTING AND SHAVING
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HAIR CUTTING.

None but Practical Male and Female Artists Employed.

SENSIBLE WOMEN
all want **FERRIS'**
GOOD SENSE
CORSET WAISTS.
THOUSANDS NOW IN USE.
Best for Health, Economy and Beauty.
Buttons at front instead of Clasps.
Ring Buckle at hip for Hose supporters.
Tape-fastened Buttons—won't pull off.
Cord-Edge Button Holes—won't wear out.
FIT ALL AGES—Infants to Adults.
Sold by Leading RETAILERS everywhere.
Send for Circular.
FERRIS BROS., Manufacturers,
341 BROADWAY, New York.
MARSHALL FIELD & CO., CHICAGO.
WHOLESALE WESTERN AGENTS.

BADGES

For Social, Literary and Beneficial SOCIETIES.

All kinds of Clubs, Schools, Academies, &c.

We make GOLD PINS and CHARMS, MEDALS, &c., from all adapted, or special designs, at very reasonable prices.

We also make a specialty of

RIBBON BADGES

for Organizations, and for Balls and Excursion purposes, which are noted for their fine execution.

If this Paper is mentioned we will send illustrations of whatever kind you wish to see on application

H. G. OESTERLE & CO.,
No. 224 N. Ninth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

25¢ PRINTING OUTFIT.

A WHOLE PRINTING OUTFIT, COMPLETE AND PRACTICAL. Just as shown in cut. 3 Alphabets of rubber type, Bottle of Indelible Ink, Tweezers, in neat case with catalogue and directions "HOW TO BE A PRINTER." Sent up any name, price cards, paper, envelopes, etc., marks from. Worth $1. The best gift for young people. Postpaid by mail, 25 cts. 2 for 45 cts. $1. Agts wanted. Ingersoll & Bro., 66 Cortlandt St., N. Y. City.

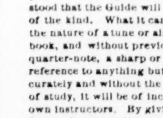
Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

FOR MEN ONLY!

VIGOR AND STRENGTH For LOST or FAILING MANHOOD; General and NERVOUS DEBILITY; Weakness of Body and Mind, Effects of Errors or Excesses in Older or Young, Robust, Noble MANHOOD fully Restored. How to enlarge and strengthen WEAK, UNDEVELOPED ORGANS & PARTS OF BODY. Absolutely unfailing HOME TREATMENT—Benefits in a day. Men testify from 50 States and Foreign Countries. Write them. Descriptive Book, explanation and proofs sealed (sealed) free. Address ERIE MEDICAL CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.



TO PLAY MUSIC WITHOUT STUDY!

This Can Be Done by Means of the

INSTANTANEOUS GUIDE to the PIANO or ORGAN.

Anyone knowing a tune, either "in the head," as it is called, or able to hum, whistle or sing, can play it WITHOUT ANY PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OF MUSIC OR THE INSTRUMENTS. In fact it may be the first time they have ever seen a piano or organ, yet if they know so much as to whistle or hum a tune—say "Way Down on the Swanee River," for instance—they can play it IMMEDIATELY, correctly and with good effect, on the piano or organ, with the assistance of this GUIDE. THE GUIDE shows how the tunes are to be played with both hands and in different keys. Thus the player has the full effect of the bass and treble clefs, together with the power of making correct and harmonious chords in accompaniments. It must be plainly understood that the Guide will not make an accomplished musician without study. It will do nothing of the kind. What it can do, do well and WITHOUT FAIL is to enable anyone understanding the nature of a tune or air in music to play such tunes or airs, without ever having opened a music book, and without previously needing to know the difference between A or G, a half-note or a quarter-note, a sharp or a flat. The Guide is placed on the Instrument, and the player, without reference to anything but what he is shown by it to do, can in a few moments play the piece accurately and without the least trouble. Although it does not and never can supplant regular books of study, it will be of incalculable assistance to the player by "ear" and all others who are their own instructors. By giving the student the power to play IMMEDIATELY twelve tunes of different character—this number of pieces being sent with each Guide—the ear grows accustomed to the sounds, and the fingers used to the position and touch of the keys. So, after a very little practice with the Guide, it will be easy to pick out, almost with the skill and rapidity of the trained player, any air or tune that may be heard or known.

The Guide, we repeat, will not learn how to read the common sheet music. But it will teach those who can not spend years learning an instrument, how to learn a number of tunes without EITHER PREVIOUS KNOWLEDGE OR STUDY. A child if it can say its A, B, C's and knows a tune—say "The Sweet Bye and Bye"—can play it, after a few attempts, quite well. There are many who would like to be able to do this, for their own and the amusement of others, and to such we commend The Guide as BOUND TO DO for them ALL WE SAY. Its cheapness and usefulness, moreover, would make it a very good present to give a person, whether young or old, at Christmas. Almost every home in the land has a piano, organ or melodeon, whereon seldom more than one of the family can play. With this Guide in the house everybody can make more or less good use of their instruments.

The Guide will be sent to any address, all postage paid, on receipt of FIFTY CENTS. (Postage stamps, 2's, taken.) For Ten Cents extra a music book, containing the words and music for 100 popular songs, will be sent with The Guide. Address

THE GUIDE MUSIC CO.,
726 SANSOM ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Latest Fashion Phases.

French cashmeres will remain in favor during the demi-season for the house and street dresses, and are imported in all the light spring tints. For the street are beige shades, biscuit, fawn, castor and wood browns, with linen or flax color, and many clear gray shades, from the palest to dark silver gray. The new greens are either bright prairie and poplar shades, or the grayish sage and stem greens, very light Nile green for evening dresses, and "dome green," with much blue in it, like that of the great dome of the Exposition building. There are some shades of gray-blue of which much is expected: *ciel* or sky blue, and the clear light shade known as baby blue. Tomato red has much yellow in it; E flat or reddish brown is shown again, and a new pink called Venus is a deep flesh tint. Aubergine is the purple color of egg-plants, and some light shades in most refined taste are called after the iris, the fleur-de-lis, orchids, and lilacs; yellow will be used with fleur-de-lis, and pink with lilac. The yellow shades have much gold in them, and are called *ble'd'or* and Ceres.

A stylish gown is composed of grey velvet and soft woollen brocade of the same tone, with sparse flowers in two tints. The petticoat was velvet, and on one side the entire dress appeared to be velvet, the other half woollen, crossing over it—a smart and becoming style. Tucks are coming in again, and they had been deftly applied to a black cashmere, a material somewhat difficult to treat now that fashion in skirts dictates so little drapery and long straight lines. For rich stuffs there is no doubt this is the best of all makes; it shows them off well, and does not break the lines of a graceful figure like frills and furbelows, but the simpler stuffs with little stiffness in themselves need much discretion. In this instance the skirt opened diagonally in front and at the sides, where it disclosed some three or four 2 inch wide tucks.

Jackets are nearly all double-breasted, save those which for spring wear are cut to look as if they were, but have the under part removed. As a rule the buttons which fasten the out door jackets are not allowed to show.

Fly fronts and flap pockets are fashionable, and so is the old patrol jacket once again, fitting the figure closely, braided in wide braid, with the pendant tabs.

Leather collars and cuffs are used for trimming many dresses; and those gowns intended for hard wear have no foundation at all, so that they have little weight—the most comfortable kind of skirt that can be had for rough usage is brown of the tobacco shade has come in for cloth dresses trimmed with black braid, and it looks well, too, for the loose-fronted outdoor jackets with roll fronts. Some of the best gowns worn at fashionable weddings have been made in cloth of this tone, trimmed with handsome broidered trimmings specially made to match. Sleeves of velvet standing up exceedingly high are added to many of the spring dresses. Indeed, high sleeves are the fashion without a doubt; but do not accept this axiom whether you have a long or short neck, high or sloping shoulders. Nothing is more disfiguring to a short neck than the high shoulders—they constitute a deformity. To obviate this and still give the appearance of a fashionable sleeve, have the upper portion slashed. There is no doubt that high sleeves with the Medici roll at the top of the armhole, and the Medici ruff on evening dresses and mantles, are the most salient points in present fashions, and very picturesque and charming they look when a little practical common sense is employed in their use.

Some of the cloudy brocades are lovely, representing clouds on a plain satin gound, with little silver stars sparsely powdered over, reminding one forcibly of a starlit sky and scudding vapors. Evening gowns are often made with the trail and bodice all in one, plain and straight. A scarf of crepe de Chine comes from the right shoulder, forms half the bodice, and ties over on the the left hip, with an end reaching to the ground. The rest of the bodice front is of velvet or satin, or the material of the train. Rare and real lace is much used on bodices if not too wide, but only on one side, carried over the shoulder and low in front. If Mechlin or any delicate lace is manipulated, it is usually very full and cascaded. The low Empire bodice, with its broad waistband, puffed sleeves, and the berthe of soft white muslin, edged with lace, is much affected in crêpe materials. The muslin apparently passes under waistband, and reappears on the left sides in long ends. This on a mauve, pale pink, or white satin gown looks wonderfully "swell." Jet bodices are trimmed on the shoulders now, and the fashion is increasing. Bows of ribbon tulle, or lisse, arches of jet work, and puffs of material, all stand up at the top of sleeves. Some sleeves are composed of four or five puffs, about the size of sausages looking like curls, well drawn up towards the top; others look as though they were composed of lace or crepe de Chine pocket-handkerchief, with two corners knotted up on the shoulder, then allowed to fall down the inner side of the arm, and again caught together by the lower corners, and knotted on the outer side of the arm just above the elbow.

Small bonnets sparingly trimmed; one seemed formed of nothing but two wings and an osprey, tiny coquille of lace in front added to enable it to be kept on the head. The style was unexceptionable, though a trifle cold looking for our bleak climate. More to my taste was a model carried out in the geranium velvet and Chantilly lace, the front ornamented with a handsome crescent of jet. Very picturesque was a straw bonnet, adapted to a long oval shape, the crown entirely formed of black wings. A novelty in hats was a French Paul Jones the crown formed of tan chevrette, which can be washed if necessary; the full gathered brim was of black velvet, black ostrich tips being placed at the side. A cosy-looking Gainsbourough was of the softest black felt, the scarf of lace, fastened at the back, to be folded gracefully round the throat, giving a charmingly soft effect.

Foundation skirts of silk are in many dresses made separate from the outer skirt or polonaise, and are as simply shaped as at present, with two tie-backs drawing strings run through loops or casings—or else they have a short steel crossing the back far below the waist. The outer skirts of dressy French costumes are fuller than those of English gowns, and the sides are different, one being slightly pantered, and another open in revers on a petticoat of a different color, or having a shirred and fringed panel. Very few hints are seen as yet of the long-predicted paniers, but some lace or batiste gowns are caught up to droop in blouse fashion all around below the felt, while others are simply puffed up slightly on each hip, with the fulness held by choux of ribbon set underneath. There are also rumors of flounces covering the entire skirt, in three wide ruffles, as of grenadine bordered with silk stripes, and dresses with such skirts have a shoulder cape trimmed with two of these flounces set on very full to give great breadth.

Among the profusion of pretty dresses was a pink satin matinee, a deep flounce of Valenciennes edging the jacket and the short skirt, a wealth of lace had been lavished on it. Nearly all the skirts had balayeuses of silk. A black Russian net skirt was caught up with jet butterflies, and the exquisitely cut pointed bodice had a large butterfly of jet in front, matching those on the skirt, others appearing on the top of each shoulder.

A new make of voile, with stripes a jour, was of a charming coloring—bois de rose. It had a bordering on the skirt of cream colored orchids, and this and the high bodice were made up over silk, a white vest being introduced on the bodice.

The morning dresses were just what most well-dressed women would desire. A simple one was a reseda cloth; bordered with black passementerie; it was made with a full bodice drawn in at the waist, having a wide square yoke covered with the black crochet galon. Many of these gowns were made with no bodice seams.

Odds and Ends.

HOW A FRENCH COOK DRESSES FISH.

Turbot Sauce Hollandaise.—Cook a piece of turbot in court bouillon au bleu, and serve sauce hollandaise over it.

Turbot en Coquilles.—Cut some cold turbot in small pieces, cook a few mushrooms, chop them small, add a truffle if you have one, and mix all with some good bechamel sauce; butter some scallop shells, fill with the mixture, put a few breadcrumbs over and a little butter; brown and serve.

Turbot en Croquettes.—Chop some cold turbot (without skin), put in a saucepan with some thick bechamel or other white sauce, let it cool a few minutes, stirring it until it is rather dry, then turn it on to a buttered plate; when quite cold form it into little rolls, egg and breadcrumb them, and fry a pale brown.

Fillets of Turbot a la Bearnaise.—Take some fillets of Turbot, lay them in oil with a chopped onion, salt and parsley; turn them now and then; when wanted, drain them, dip in egg and breadcrumbs, then season on both sides with oil, and broil for about twenty minutes, turning them as they cook; put on a dish with cut lemon, serve sauce bearnaise in a tureen at the same time.

Brill a la Hollandaise.—Boil some water with salt and parsley in it, draw it to the side of the fire, and let it stand a few minutes; rub the fish over with a cut lemon, put it on the strainer and in the hot water, and place over the fire; as soon as the water bubbles, pull the fish kettle a little back, so that the fish will cook gently; when done, drain and serve on a serviette with parsley round, and a tureen of sauce hollandaise.

Brill Grilled, Sauce a l'Huile.—Wipe the fish quite dry, lay it in oil with pepper and salt until it is wanted, then grill it, the dark side first, taking care that it neither sticks or burns, brush it over with oil and turn it; take care that the white side is broiled a nice color; serve it garnished with lemon, and send sauce a l'huile to table with it.

Fried Soles.—Remove the dark skin, beginning at the tail; wash and dry the soles, and lay them in milk until they are wanted, then drain and flour them; have ready in a pan sufficient boiling fat to cover them put them in and fry until they are firm; drain, put a little salt over them, and serve with cut lemon.

Broiled Soles.—Remove the dark skin wash ann dry the soles, dip them in beaten up egg, breadcrumb them, then dip in oiled butter; broil over a moderate fire, turning them and brushing them over with oiled butter. Serve with cut lemon or with sace.

Sole au Gratin.—Butter a dish well, put on it some chopped mushrooms and parsley, and a little pepper. Remove the dark skin from the sole, dry it and place it on the dish; pour a few spoonfuls of good gravy over it, and a glass of light white wine or a little lemon juice, then sprinkle with more chopped mushrooms, parsley, pepper and salt; sift some pale raspings over, and then a spoonful of oiled butter; bake about eighteen minutes, and serve in the dish in which it is cooked.

Soles au Four.—Take two soles without the dark skins, slip a knife along the bone at the back under the fish, and push in a piece of butter, into which pepper, salt and chopped parsley have been worked; egg and breadcrumb the soles, then dip them in oiled butter or oil, place them side by side in a buttered dish, bake them from fifteen to twenty minutes, basting them with the butter in the dish.

Soles au Plat.—Melt some butter on a dish, season it with salt, pepper, chopped shalots and parsley, and nutmeg; place the soles, without the dark skin, on the dish, sprinkle with a few sweet herbs, some chopped parsley and fine raspings, add a little white wine or a squeeze of lemon, pour some butter over and bake.

Smelts, to Fry.—Dry the smelts and lay them in milk until they are to be cooked, then thread them on the skewers, running the skewer through the heads, four or six on each skewer, according to the size; flour them well, and fry a few at a time in a pan of boiling fat: when a nice gold color drain salt, and serve with fried parsley.

Whiting Broiled.—Sprinkle salt over the whiting, dip them in oil, and broil over a quick fire. Serve with maitre d'hotel butter on them.

Whiting aux Fines Herbes.—Put the fish in a deep dish with a lump of butter, salt, pepper, nutmeg, chopped parsley, and sweet herbs, a little white wine or lemon juice; cover the dish and bake. When half done turn the fish; when done enough place them on hot dish; thicken the liquor from them with butter and flour, add a squeeze of lemon, pour over the fish and serve.

Fillets of Whitings.—Bone two or three whitings, sprinkle the fillets with pepper, salt, and finely chopped onions, mushrooms and parsley; roll each piece of fish up, and fasten with a little wooden skewer; egg and breadcrumb and fry; take out the skewers and serve. Small haddocks are dressed in the same way as whitings.

Fried Skate.—Take some pieces of skate soak them in vinegar mixed with parsley and salt; before frying dip them in a paste made with one tablespoonful of oil, one egg, and sufficient flour to give it the consistency of batter. Fry a pale brown and serve with sauce polvrade and fried parsley.

Many persons think that there cannot be too much of what is so good a thing in itself as sympathy. The duty of its cultivation is clear; but it is not yet so clear that a wise cultivation includes pruning as well as nourishing. So long as it is abundant it is not expected to be discriminative, and thus sometimes, running to seed unchecked, it develops into rank injustice.

Confidential Correspondents.

RESTITUTION.—The first duty is to obey your mother in things of this kind. When you are older you can make up your own mind; but we must be anxious to please our parents. This duty is of supreme obligation.

JENNIE.—The name of the widow on the visiting card should be exactly the same as during her husband's lifetime, i. e., "Mrs. John Smith"; for legal and business purposes she is "Mrs. Alice Smith," but not otherwise.

MATER.—The spelling of the proper name "Nathalie" would differ in various countries, "Natalie" would be German, "Natalie" would be French or Italian. There would be no bad spelling, only a difference of language.

KATIE L.—The sculptured representation of dogs lying at and supporting the feet of the effigies of bishops and ancient knights, crusaders, and others, are supposed to be designed to show that the Christian bishop or knight followed (or strove to follow) the footsteps of his Divine Master as faithfully, and even to death, as a dog follows those of his master.

FLORENCE.—The "inverted torch" is the symbol of life and breath extinct. It is a Greek emblem, and had its origin in the "torch race" of ancient Greece, in which the runners were expected to carry, in succession, a lighted torch, without allowing the flame to become extinguished. Plato compared the transmission of life to a "torch race," and Lucretius has the same idea.

LINGUIST.—Hecuba was the daughter of Dymas, a Phrygian prince; or, according to others, of Cisseus, a Thracian king. She was the second wife of Priam, King of Troy, by whom she had a large family, amongst whom were Hector and Paris. She is called "the most tender and unfortunate of mothers," for during the Trojan War she saw nearly all her children perish by the hands of the enemy.

E. S. S.—We can only once more repeat what we have said to so many shy and nervous girls; try and forget yourself and your audience, and concentrate all your thoughts on the music; not only the clear and distinct touch and correct reading of the notes, but the rendering of the composer's idea, in the feeling with which to express it. If absorbed in this endeavor you will arrive at the abstraction of thought which is absolutely necessary in playing for others.

C. L. W.—There would be no particular advantage or disadvantage, but we are never very sanguine about the success of such marriages. Many end happily, but there must always be some little awkwardness as the ages go on increasing, for, when the man, in the case you mention, will be forty, the woman will be fifty. Still it is merely a matter of preference. We have known a case in which a man of thirty married a woman who had a daughter aged eighteen. No union could possibly have been more prosperous and genuinely happy.

PALPITATION.—Do you think it likely that a young man would make a companion of a lady for four years unless he had an idea of making her his companion for life? You must remember that he is very young and he could hardly commit himself to a definite engagement. There was no harm in your friend's asking him to a party—indeed we rather like to see frank, wholesome friendships between young folk. Of course the "walking" and the rest cannot go on much longer; but any girl has sufficient tact to let a man know that she expects definite words from him.

Y. P. M.—The man is a pronounced flirt, and the girl is foolishly thoughtless. If she succeeds in drawing him away from the woman to whom he is engaged, she will commit a grevious wrong; and, if he merely trifles with her and discards her, she will be discredited, and no man of self-respect will care to make any advances to her. She must drop this wretched entangling affair at once, or she may have occasion to regret her foolish flippancy all her life long. If girls could only understand how very serious a flirtation may become, then much of the world's misery might be spared.

DORIS.—If you crave for pleasure, you will only meet disappointment. Be satisfied with small things, and do each day's duty as it comes before you. We never knew or heard of any young girl who quite escaped the depression which you are now going through, and there is no escape except in constant occupation. Idleness is at the root of all evil. Lay out a task for every hour, and, though you cannot avoid thinking of yourself, you may at least quicken the hours which now drag so heavily for you. Surely you can afford the subscription for a library! Good fiction is the best of all mental sedatives.

GLADYS J.—You may break off any habit or trick such as those which you describe. All that you need is to keep a steady watch on yourself. Most people have some queer habit or other, so that you may not regard yourself as being particularly foolish. Dr. Johnson used to bite his nails to the quick, just as you seem to do; George Borrow had a strange way of touching certain objects; and this touching mania is far more common than you imagine. If you read "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," you will find some of the most remarkable details regarding Borrow's habit. He seems to have cured himself effectually. Lonely people nearly always acquire funny gestures and grimaces, but people who are constantly in company are warned. Sailors often go on nibbling unconsciously. If you are really afflicted with such a foolish propensity, we should decidedly advise you to touch the nails with bitter aloes, so that you may be recalled to yourself when you fall into a reverie.

MARIAN.—The division of the Holy Scriptures into chapters was due to Cardinal Hugo, about the year A. D. 1240. He was making an index or concordance for the Latin Bible, and this division was essential to the prosecution of his work. The sub-division into verses is of Jewish origin, and dates about two hundred years later. An eminent Jew, called Rabbi Nathan, likewise engaged in the work of making a concordance to the Hebrew Bible, A. D. 1430, and adopted the division made into chapters by Cardinal Hugo. Rather more than a hundred years later one Vatablus, an eminent Hebrew scholar, a Frenchman, adopted both these divisions, and published a Latin Bible, numbered also with figures, which arrangements have been adopted in all subsequent editions, and in all languages of Western Christendom. The present division of the New Testament into verses was made by Robert Stevens, an eminent printer in Paris, and was introduced in his edition of 1551. We quote from Dean Frideaux.